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The Little Brown Castle.

How sweet to the heart, as old age steals upon us,
To sit, idly musing, in some quiet spot;
To dream of our childhood—of happy companions,
And often to picture a well 'membered cot,
The soft, clinging tendrils that grow past the windows,
The long, waving grass and the murmuring rill,
Ah, bright is the vision we see after ages:
"The little brown castle" that stood on the hill.

It stood in the midst of a wide-spreading garden,
With now and again the cool shade of a tree,
That stretched forth its branches in dumb benediction,
And silently—mutely, was echoed by me.
How gentle the zephyrs, all laden with fragrance,
How tuneful the murmuring song of the rill!
Ah, tender the memory is after ages:
"The little brown castle" that stood on the hill.

—"Topsey."

Dying Fires.

The log on which the hearth-fire long has fed
Is nigh consumed, and now the flame burns low,
With one faint blaze of feeble, flickering red,
That ghostly figures on the wall doth throw.
But now the wind comes breathing soft along,
It flames again and lights the gloom about,
Then lower sinks, as quick the wind is gone,
Then flick'ring fades and with a puff goes out.

Love's fire, for long has fed upon the heart,
And nigh consumed it through a feeble flame,
From out the ashes now and then doth start,
Casting weird shadows on the troubled brain,
But mem'ry's wind comes breathing softly by,
It glows again and for a time is bright,
Then the thought passes and lips sadly sigh,
As it dies out and leaves behind but night.

—Edward A. Fuller.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

It might be truly said that a band of music welcomed them upon their arrival, for as the hotel coach drove up to the door, Mr. and Mrs. Winsum, the sole occupants, stepped out to the tune of "See the Conquering Hero Comes," one of the various melodies with which the numerous guests of the Mountain House were entertained on pleasant afternoons.

Dark hair and eyes, well-cut features, broad shoulders, five feet ten, such was Mr. Frank Winsum, who sprang first from the clumsy vehicle and assisted a little lady with golden hair, violet eyes, perfect complexion, *retrousse* nose—Mrs. Frank Winsum.

The bridal couple, for such they proved to be, were received with undisguised satisfaction.

We were getting tired of the despotic control exercised by Mrs. Vandeville, a tall dignified woman exceedingly slender, with a Roman nose, piercing black eyes, and an imperious manner, which overawed most of us, more particularly her husband, a meek little man, who was a terror in his office and a slave at home.

She had directed the social element of Mountain House for a month past, and had so completely subjected its inmates, that I fancy we hardly ventured to take a drive before consulting her as to the best road.

Mrs. Vandeville, who was the maternal parent of two auburn-haired daughters, eyed the fascinating bride with cold suspicion.

"Who are these persons?" she said in a severe tone, looking round her small circle of adherents. "We cannot be too careful. We are wives" this with a scathing look at her timid spouse "and mothers" casting a sentimental glance at her fair Progeny, who immediately began to whisper "and it is due to our families that we should find out exactly who these Winsums are before allowing ourselves to become intimate with them."

Although fully agreeing with their leader that evening, the next day an introduction to the enemy completely routed their prejudices, and one and all shamelessly went over to the other side without instituting a single enquiry as to their antecedents, or, in fact, asking anything about them.

Mrs. Vandeville accepted the situation, but it was evident she did not intend to relinquish the field without a struggle.

She had chosen the picturesque spots for picnics, superintended the ice-cream parties, occupied the post of honor in all the rides, led the songs in a high soprano key during our moonlight sails; therefore it is hardly to be wondered at that she failed to yield gracefully to the younger and prettier woman, but on the contrary cherished a feeling of bitterness, and determined to be avenged upon her lovely rival.

We were located at a sort of farm-house hotel almost on the top of the Murdock mountain, in Sullivan county. There were not more than forty boarders—just enough to make a pleasant party.

Before the advent of the Winsums it was divided, each clique endeavoring to supersede the other, jealous, and in many ways quarrelsome. But somehow this bright little couple soon changed all that.

They were not well off, that was certain, and occupied the cheapest room in the house. The bride's dresses, though fitting exquisitely, were made of the plainest materials, here and there trimmed with a bit of ribbon, which, together with her *piquante* beauty, made her entirely charming. They were both brimming over with talent.

Frank possessed an inexhaustible fund of clever songs, and, with a good baritone voice and excellent knowledge of music, accompanied himself to everybody's satisfaction.

As for little Mrs. Frank she was really wonderful. She invented delightful games for the children, taught the girls the newest and most intricate stitches in crochet, drew exquisite sketches of the prettiest views about the vicinity, and, in fact, proved positively invaluable.

Mrs Vandeville became sullen with disappointment, and finally declined to join us in any of our innocent amusements.

Summer waned, as the poets say, and we were beginning to meet at breakfast-time with questioning looks and "What shall we do next?" written upon every face. No one had anything new to propose, and our social circle seemed at a standstill.

During the week Mrs. Vandeville maintained a mysterious silence that aroused suspicion, and presently vague whispers were circulated to the effect that the fascinating Winsums were not what they appeared to be; that their affection in public was a delusion.

This dreadful rumor demanded instant investigation.

As a matter of course, the ladies questioned Mrs. Vandeville, while the gentlemen interrogated Mr. Vandeville, who nervously admitted that he and his wife, hearing strange sounds issue from the Winsums' room, which adjoined theirs, considered it a duty to society to listen, and in consequence thereat had heard the most dreadful things, adding, under his breath, "It makes my blood run cold to think of it, and you must excuse me, for I will say no more."

This was enough. Several guests who still remained loyal to the Vandeville colors congregated in that lady's room at a late hour the same night, not only to verify Mr. Vandeville's statement, but also to gratify their own curiosity.

The door of a large closet which separated the two rooms was purposely left open, and ordinary conversation could be easily heard.

Mrs. Vandeville looked virtuous and important; her husband disgusted and abashed. A tiny clock on the mantel chimed eleven. A slight rustling could be distinguished, and the listeners became interested.

Suddenly a low voice broke the oppressive stillness; but the confused jumble of undertones was too indistinct, and disappointment was plainly visible on every countenance.

After a few moments of inaudible conversation, the voices grew louder and still louder, until the occupants of Mrs. Vandeville's room, in their excitement, exhibited signs of immediate betrayal.

That lady made an imperious gesture, and the eavesdroppers listened breathlessly to the following dialogue.

"I will hear no more, I tell you. What have I to live for? I placed my honor in your hands, and how have you repaid me?"

"Indeed, Harold, I have always loved you, always been faithful to you!"

"Harold!" echoed Mrs. Courtenay, the Vandevilles dearest friend. "Then his name isn't Frank, after all?"

"Hush!"

The stern voice continued:

"Oh, Marion!"

"Marion!" ejaculated Mrs. Courtenay in horror, "why, she said her name was Eleanor."

"Hush!" murmured the assembled party again.

"Oh, Marion, you dare not assert your innocence, knowing that I hold the actual proof of your guilt here in my hand? What is this letter, but an avowal of love for the man whom I have taken by the hand and called friend, and who decieved me beneath the very roof we both called home."

"Gracious me!" whispered Miss Merton, a gentle spinster of forty. "He must mean Brother Fred. You know how outrageously she flirted with him."

"Silence!" said Mrs. Vandeville.

"Harold, have mercy; do not shut me out from your heart. See, upon my knees I plead to you. In memory of the many happy hours we have been together, listen to me, and I can explain all."

"How dreadful!" gasped Miss Merton; "and they pretended to be a bridal couple."

"Enough! not one word. To-night you leave me for ever."

"Oh, this won't do at all," cried Mr. Courtenay, who was usually an extremely quiet and punctilious man. "Something must be done. The propriety of this establishment ought to be maintained. A departure at such an hour would be ruinous and create disagreeable gossip. Mr. Vandeville, you must knock at these people's door and tell them all is known, they will be more than welcome to make their leave, but by all means beg them to make no disturbance at midnight. We will follow and endorse anything that you may consider proper to say.

The party fell in line, and in another moment were facing Mrs. Winsum's door, from which a faint cry was at this instant audible.

Emboldened by this sound, Mr. Vandeville rapped hastily, and a hearty "Come in!" responded.

Pushing her husband aside, and drawing Mr. Courtenay by the arm, Mrs. Vandeville entered the room, followed closely by the remainder of the party.

The picture that confronted them was decidedly embarrassing. Frank Winsum comfortably ensconced in a capacious rocking-chair, held his small wife upon his knee. Her fair arm was about his neck, her golden hair mingled with his chestnut curls as their two heads bent over a yellow-covered book.

"Oh, my!" said the little woman, springing up. "Is this a surprise-party? Frank dear, put on your coat, she rattled on: "You see, we came to our room early this evening, because we were getting up a little plan for something new; so we've concluded it would be a good idea to arrange a series of private theatricals; but, as you have caught us reading over a play-book, you shall be taken into the secret at once; therefore"—with a dramatic gesture—"enter all and choose your parts."

"I think, my dear Mrs. Winsum, that we already have the characters best suited to us," said Mr. Courtenay, who was honestly ashamed of his share in the conspiracy.

"Why, I don't understand you. What characters do you mean?"

"Those of busybodies and fools;" and there upon the whole story came out.

The next day two trunks marked "Vandeville" were conveyed to the station, Mr. and Mrs. Winsum became greater favorites than ever, and a roaring farce was the only result of what promised to become Almost a Tragedy.

Civilization and Eyesight.

Foreigners who visit us, says the Philadelphia *News*, are struck by the number of short-sighted persons they see. Mgr. Capel has recently expressed his opinion on the subject, and attributes the decay of the eyesight to small type in the universally read newspapers and to the lack of attention paid to proper light and proper arrangement for light in our public schools.

Doubtless much short-sightedness is due to these causes, but more is due to the habits of civilization, to the increase in reading, and especially in reading by artificial light. Dr. Brudenell Carter, an eminent English oculist, has just read a paper on this subject before the Society of Arts, at whose meeting the anecdote was told that a clear-sighted Englishman in Zululand, by the assistance of a powerful binocular glass, made out two distant objects on the horizon. One was a larger speck than the other, and he guessed that this was a mounted man, whose companion was walking. The Zulus with him looked in the direction indicated, and at once informed him who the gentleman was, and that he was accompanied by his wife on foot.

This story may seemed forced, but no artist, naturalist, or other person who is practiced in the art of vision—for art it is, and we call such persons "trained observers"—will fail to attest to its truth in a greater or less degree, according to his experience. Dr. Carter says that 25 per cent of the children examined by him in a London school had defective eyes. In Germany the proportion has been shown to be about the same.

In antiquity short-sightedness was scarcely known. M. Francisque Sarcey, the scholarly dramatic critic of the Paris Temps, compares the enormous theaters of Greece and Rome, which held 30,000 spectators, none of whose auditors had opera-glasses or spectacles, yet could see everything with ease, with our little theaters, holding one-tenth as many, in which that part of the audience in the back rows is obliged to have opera-glasses if a sight of the stage is desired.

Nearly all of the observers of our defective eyes agree that they are caused by excessive reading and by artificial light. But there is more behind these. It is known that any muscle of the body can be developed by training. It is so with the eye, as any landsman who has flattered himself on his far, clear sight can testify when he has gone to sea and been mortified to learn how much farther off and clearer the commonest sailor, who is practiced in sweeping the horizon, can detect and describe objects. Yet we doubt if one reader in a thousand has ever tested his own eyes or those of his children for any defect, let alone any purpose of training them. This is a very serious neglect. In our colleges the other muscles of the body are carefully studied and exercised. Who ever heard of a club or a group of persons devoted to training their eyes! The result is that we modern dwellers in cities go through life half blind and growing more so, when a little attention would not only strengthen a most important "sense," as well as reveal beauties in nature that we literally know not of.

A correspondent wants to know why people pledge each other before drinking. We are not sure, but we think this is the reason: In the good old days when cutthroats drank together socially, each one made the rest promise not to attack him while he was drinking. Otherwise, while the head was thrown back in the act of drinking some enterprising ruffian would be strongly tempted to draw his weapon on the exposed and defenseless neck of the drinker. But even a pledge didn't always protect drinkers, and so the custom of clinking glasses and drinking together was introduced, in order that all might be similarly engaged at the same time and unable to use their weapons.

Catholicity of Taste.

When we come to the higher walks of the drama catholicity of taste is still a primo requisite of good criticism. If I have a private partiality for five-act tragedies in blank verse—this thank heaven, is a mere hypothesis—let me not therefore sneer at stirring melodrama and pooh-pooh cup-and-saucer comedy. The critic must always start, indeed, from his own individual impressions. To like and dislike vividly and heartily is his first qualification. He must not be always posturing in his judgments, and considering what he ought to like rather than what he does like; but neither must he make fetiches of his fads and sacrifice everything to them. Let him always dwell on the merits rather than the defects of earnest effort, however imperfect. Let him not be imposed upon by pretentious claptrap, but stand unshaken and unawed amid papiermache earthquakes and avalanches of blank verse, maintaining, as Emerson says, "that a popgun is a popgun, though the ancient and honorable of this world affirm it to be the crack of doom." When his judgment is at variance with that of the majority let him give full weight to the popular verdict, and tell how the piece pleased the gods though it displeased Cato—or vice versa. Let him avoid, as far as possible, critical commonplaces, such as "the idea is not strikingly original," "the characters are either lay figures or caricatures," and so forth. Such remarks may be taken for granted in the vast majority of cases. What we demand of a playwright is not to tell an absolutely new story, but to tell his old story freshly and well. If, by chance, he does hit on a novel theme or draw a character with keen and just observation, let us point it out as a striking merit instead of sneering at him. In other cases, for a defect which, in these days, is almost inseparable from the conditions under which he works. Above all things, let us in this sphere keep our moral judgment on the alert. The no-ideals of irresponsible farce are much less injurious than the false ideals of would-be moral comedy and drama. An undue concession to narrow prejudice or cowardly convention should be unsparingly denounced because it is insidiously and subtly destructive.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

True Even Unto Death.

That was a touching story told by Mr. Gladstone when announcing the death of the Princess Alice in parliament. She had been cautioned by the physician not to inhale the breath of her little boy, who was ill with diphtheria. The little fellow was tossing in his bed in the delirium of fever. The princess stood by the side of her child and laid her hand on his brow and began to caress him. The touch cooled the fevered brain and brought the wandering soul back from its wild delirium to nestle for a moment in the lap of a mother's love. Then throwing his arms around her neck he whispered, "Mamma, kiss me." The instinct of a mother's love was stronger than science, and she pressed her lips to those of her child. And yet there is not a woman in all the world but would say she would not have had a mother's heart if she had not kissed her bairn. And so it will be to the end of time. The mother will kiss her child, the wife her husband and the lover his sweetheart, though death in a thousand forms lay concealed beneath the vermillion coloring of the pouting lips—*St. Paul Globe.*

The United States has 17,000 dentists, who use a ton of gold and five tons of other metals, and make 4,000,000 artificial teeth annually. Only one American in eighty is found to have perfect teeth, and one-third of the population make more or less use of the artificial product.

OREGON SALMON.

The recent frightful accident which happened to a stage in Southern Oregon can not fail, says the New York *Times*, to call the attention of the state authorities to the necessity of protecting settlers against the attacks of salmon. The stage in question was crossing Applegate Creek, when it was suddenly attacked by a drove of salmon. The stage was instantly overturned, and the hungry fish swarmed over it, while the stage driver, with great presence of mind, cut the traces of his horses and, throwing himself across the off wheel-horse,—a powerful animal, formerly the property of Dr. Goodrich, of Olympia,—managed to escape. The dispatch which conveys to us this painful story says nothing of the fate of the stage passengers, but, unfortunately, there is every reason to believe that they fell victims to the salmon.

The Oregon salmon has long been regarded by experienced western hunters as the most dangerous animal infesting this continent. It is much larger than the salmon of the Atlantic coast, and, unlike the latter, which is a timid and inoffensive fish, it is fearless, aggressive, and cruel. There is scarcely a river in Oregon which is free from salmon, and many of the streams are rendered practically impassable by the numbers and ferocity of the salmon inhabiting them.

To hunt the Oregon salmon requires iron nerves and great skill in the use of the rifle. The usual practice of the hunter is to hide himself on the bank of a stream and to send in his dogs to rouse the salmon from their lair. When the fish come within gunshot the hunter fires, and unless he kills or disables the game at the first shot his chances for life are small. The infuriated fish will, in most cases, turn upon the hunter whose shot has been ineffective. One blow of the salmon's tail almost invariably proves fatal, and if he can once set his terrible teeth in the flesh of the hunter he can not be shaken off. The only chance of escape is for the hunter to drive his knife into the fish's heart, but such a blow to be effective must be delivered immediately behind the pectoral fin, and it requires the utmost coolness for a man to face the rush of a maddened salmon and wait until he can stab him in the only vulnerable part. Scores of hunters who have successfully fought the grizzly bear have fallen victims to the Oregon salmon, and scores of others, crippled and mangled, survive to tell the story of their blood-curdling experience while in the very jaws of a monster fish.

Were the salmon to confine themselves wholly to the water they would be comparatively harmless, for no man would be in danger unless he ventured into the salmon pool. But, unlike most of our American fishes, the Oregon salmon is in the habit of leaving the water and wandering through the forest in search of prey. Men, women, and children have often been chased for long distances by salmon on the lonely Oregon roads, and an enormous number of sheep and cattle have been killed and devoured. Two years ago the forest in the neighborhood of East Melville, in Southern Oregon, was infested by a pair of salmon of unusual size and ferocity. Hardly a night passed that some settler did not lose a valuable domestic animal, and no less than five human lives were sacrificed almost within sight of the Methodist meeting-house. The people of the town never went out of their houses unarmed, and they lost so much sleep in consequence of the nightly and incessant roaring of the fish that life was really a burden to them. The town authorities offered a reward of $1,000 for the head of either of the two salmon, but no local hunter was bold enough to make the attempt to gain it. These formidable fish were finally killed by a party of hunters, nine in number, from Tacoma, who, assisted by a pack of well-trained fish-hounds, tracked the salmon to their lair in a small pool of stagnant water and shot them with a Gatling gun. Twenty-two bullets were found in the body of the male and seventy-four in that of the female. The former fell dead at the first fire, but the latter, although severely wounded, rushed on the hunters, and succeeded in killing one and disabling eight dogs before she was finally conquered.

In winter, the Oregon salmon, rendered more fearless than ever by want of food, roam over the country in packs and droves of from twenty-five to a thousand fish. No exact statistics as to the annual loss of life by salmon in Oregon are at present accessible, but it is believed that in proportion to its population Oregon loses as many inhabitants yearly by salmon as India loses by tigers.

The only way in which to meet this great evil is for the state government to offer a reward of, say, $100 for every salmon killed within its borders. Such an offer would cause an instant emigration of thousands of fearless hunters from every state in the Union to Oregon. Some lives would, of course, be lost, but the salmon would soon be practically exterminated, and it would become possible for a stage to pass even Applegate's creek without being attacked and destroyed by salmon.

Poker at Sea.

Among the plagues which infect Anglo-American steamers are a race of men who play the noble game of poker from the Mersey to Sandy Hook and from Sandy Hook to the Mersey. Of course, if they played it in strict seclusion they ought not to be molested. Every human being had a sacred and indefeasible right, even before the American Constitution was invented, to waste his or her own time in his or her own way. To question this would be to tamper with the foundations of everything. But the liberty which involves compulsion of your neighbor is, as a great philosopher would have said, of a spurious or mixed kind, which even the high priests of "individualism" are not bound to encourage. Poker may be the most exalted form of intellectual exercise in which, with his limited faculties, man is capable of indulging. To make life unendurable for all who do not play poker is a kind of missionary enterprise not part of the inalienable birthright of every free man whose proud boast to the tyrant and the oppressor is that his home is in the setting sun. We are well aware that the axiom "Every man may do as he damn pleases" is dependent on the condition that "every man does not include a nigger or a Mexican." But it has never been held to exclude quiet people who have taken (and paid for) their passage from New York to Liverpool. Such, however, seems to be the construction tacitly placed upon it by certain devotees of poker worship who patronize the steamers of a "very fashionable English line" between those two commercial centres. These gentlemen, if we may employ the word for once in the sense given it by "every charlatan," establish themselves in the smoking room as their own peculiar keep. They garrison it like a fortress and consecrate it to the solemn service of their favorite game. "For a day or two," says the complainant previously cited, "the outsider was allowed his corner, but after that the mysterious and occult worship of poker admitted of no intruders." "Play or treat" was the motto, and the only other course was departure.—*The Saturday Review.*

The royal seraglio of Persia contains no Europeans or male persons over the age of 11. Each royal favorite has her separate pavilion and her staff of servants, her equipages, her jewels and her revenue. The principal favorite generally has some high-sounding title conferred upon her, such as "The Delight of the State." The ladies are never seen abroad unveiled, save one or two of the handsomer or more flighty of their number, who sometimes, when driving in their glass coaches, purposely give a rather liberal display of florid charms to passers-by in carriages or on horseback. It is quite certain that no man save the King enters the royal harem, or, having done so, leaves it alive.

In the Norwegian Mountains.

On the threshold as we depart stand the pretty *Budeier* (dairy maids) in the neat costume of the people in the Guldbrandsdal Valley, nodding a tender farewell to us and wishing us a hearty "*Lykke paa Reisen.*" Yes, there they stand, following us with their gaze as we proceed along the steep mountain path till we disappear from view in the rocky glen. I said "path." Well, that is the name assigned to it, but never did I imagine the existence of such a riding "ladder," and it may well be necessary to have the peculiar race of mountain horses found here for a rider to get safely to his journey's end. Now the road lies through rapid mountain streams where the roaring waterfall may in an instant sweep man and beast into a yawning abyss below, and now across the precipice, where the lake divides the mountains, and death lurks a yard to your left. Again across the steepest slopes, where nature appears to have amused herself by tossing masses of jagged, tottering rocks in heaps, and where no ordinary horse's hoof would find a safe hold. But if you only watch these brave and sagacious little animals, how carefully they consider the slightest movement and measure the smallest step, they will inspire you with the greatest confidence, and you will continue your journey on their back without the slightest fear, along the wildest path, on the edge of the most awe-inspiring abyss. And should one of these excellent cobs stumble, which happened once or twice during our ride, it is only on comparatively safe ground, where probably the horse does not consider much attention is required. We now climb still higher; gradually the sound of cow bells and the soft melodies from the *Lur* (the Norse alpenhorn) are wafted into space, and in return a sharp, chilly gust of wind called *Fjeldsno* sweeps along the valley slopes, carrying with it the last souvenir of society and civilization. We have long ago left the populated districts behind, the mountain nature stands before us, and surrounds us in all its imposing grandeur. The roar of the mighty Bever river is the only sound which breaks the impressive silence, and even this becomes fainter and fainter as we mount higher and higher, and the mass of water decreases and the fall becomes steeper and steeper, until at last the big river is reduced to a little noisy, foaming brook, skipping from rock to rock, and plunging from one ledge to another, twisting its silvery thread into the most fantastic shapes.—*Translated from Oscar Frederick, King of Norway and Sweden—Temple Bar.*

A Fish-Catching Machine.

James L. Smith, who is a man of considerable mechanical ingenuity, having already secured several patents, is trying to solve the problem of catching porpoise and other fish along our shore with profit. Mr. Smith is having a boat, suitable for use along the bay shore, built at the shipyards in this town. He will erect a factory at Bennett's pier, where he proposes to take his fish and convert them into oil, leather, and fertilizer. He has been at work for some months in perfecting a gun to shoot porpoise. It is his design to arrange the weapon to discharge a ball that contains a powerful explosive. The firing of the gun will ignite a fuse that will explode the ball when it is lodged in the object toward which it is aimed. Simultaneously with the discharge of the explosive bullet an arrow with a line attached is to be shot from the gun. Should the fish escape to some distance the line will indicate its whereabouts.—*Milford (Del.) News.*

Near Richmond, Va., is a farm house with some of the first window-panes brought to America. They are 10x12 in size and were already in the sash when brought here. At that time the use of putty was not known for glazing, the lights were held in place by strips of wood tacked against them. The cost of each light in England was about $3.

Capt. Kidd's Treasure.

Mrs. Mary Cleaves, a bright-eyed, dark-haired, chatty little woman of middle age, writes a Portland, Me., correspondent of *The St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, recently resumed her labor of searching for the hidden treasure of Oversel. She believes the gold of Capt. Kidd is on Oversel island, and that she is about to find it. Her work, which commenced some months ago, was interrupted by the winter snows. She has a rod of magical powers. "You spoke of the rod," said she this morning; "yes, it has a history, which I will tell you," laying down her shovel and pick. "In the first place, these rods are often unreliable. I tried several, but they all proved false. One day this one (eyeing it affectionately) came to me from New York. It is two hundred years old, and is true blue. Why, when I first took it up a severe shock of electricity passed through me. My work was half-done. Wonderful wand! With this rod I can overcome any obstacle, great or small, and mind you, it has a strong affinity between heavenly and earthly things. I told you it was true; it is every time. One day, when I was prospecting on the island, I came across a large rock. On that rock was distinctly marked the letter "C." That "C" meant "Cleaves," but I did not learn it until afterward. I placed the rod near the rock, and it indicated that there was something below. I could neither believe my eyes nor the rod for some moments. I was bound to satisfy myself thoroughly, so I stepped back a few rods, tied my rod to the ground, and rested upon it. Strange to say, it broke its fastenings, turned me completely around, and pointed directly to the place first indicated. Then I was satisfied. So you see I have labored hard, searching everywhere with my rod and digging in thousands of places with my shovel and almost for nothing. But I realize that my work is nearly over now. I shall astonish the natives in the spring. Until then good-by."

And Mrs. Cleaves took up her pick and shovel and started for the shore.

Ivy Against the Walls of Dwellings.

We have frequently heard it maintained that it is injurious and unwise to permit ivy to cover the walls of dwelling houses, as it must necessarily occasion an internal damp, prejudicial to human health and comfort, by arresting the rain and conducting it into the crevices of the walls, detaining it there until it oozes through and occasions such injurious dampness as it must be most desirable to prevent, even at the expense of sacrificing such an ornamental covering as a luxuriant and evergreen or variegated ivy. Now experience and reason testify to the very opposite of this, and they are found boldly asserting that no covering whatever is better calculated or more powerfully and uniformly tends to effect the desirable object of keeping the walls of a house dry, both internally and externally, than a general coat of ivy on the outside. Let any one examine any ivy-covered wall, and they will discover the leaves hang down, one over another, from the highest point to which the plant attains to the ground, forming an ornamental shield that casts off the rain and prevents its beating against the wall, conveying it from leaf to leaf downward, preventing its ever coming in contact with or moistening the walls; while the clinging nature of the plant, intended for the purpose of adhesion, thrusts its shoots into the crevices as roots and claspers, according as it ascends and acts as so many sucking engines, extracting and drawing away for the nourishment of its own luxuriance whatever moisture the walls may be supposed to attract or imbibe from the atmosphere. No walls are dryer, or so dry, as those to which ivy forms a permanent external covering. Inside the shoots and next the wall will be found, in addition, a coating of dry dust and cobwebs, keeping the walls perfectly dry in the wettest of weather, and that, too, on aspects mostly exposed to the rain and least to the cheering smiles of the sun. Depend upon it, ivy clinging against a wall is a protector from damp, not a cause of it. Let our readers plant ivy against their dwellings without any fear of inconvenient results. It is a warmth-giving agent also, as many can testify. The old prejudice against the employment of ivy as an external covering to buildings is rapidly dying out, and will at no distant date cease to be put forward as worthy of attention.—*Land and Water.*

Stage Cosmetics.

On West Seventeenth street, in the window of a resident house, hangs a small sign, thus:

Stage Cosmetics.

You enter without ringing, and turn to the first door on the right. Here you find a small room filled with little shelves. Boxes of diminutive proportions occupy the shelves. A woman with short black hair and piercing black eyes asks you: "What does your face want to-day?"

"How do your cosmetics differ from those used by the ladies in society generally?" asked the interviewer for the *Mail and Express.*

"Why, my cosmetics are pure and composed of the choicest vegetable oils. They are entirely free from animal grease or vegetable poison. Indeed, there is not a lotion, powder or chalk, that I manufacture but what can be eaten with safety. Toxicologists frequently experiment with themselves before they sell the poison in order to be sure of the results. I do the same. I eat my preparations, and if they make me sick and I can not get relief I have a stomach pump to come to my final assistance. If they do not affect me in the least, I know they will not harm the skin, nor prove injurious to health."

"How did you happen to commence the manufacture of cosmetics for stage purposes?"

"In a strange way. I went to school and graduated. While at school I studied chemistry and had a decided love for it. Circumstances caused me to become an actress. After occupying years of my life upon the stage without being a decided success, I busied myself during that period in experimenting with face powders and lotions. I quit the stage just about the time it was going to quit me, and began to prepare for market harmless vegetable powders, which soon had a decided sale, but to professionals only. I had seen the evil effects of certain mineral preparations, and so I decided to make the pure or none at all."

"Have you succeeded?"

"I think so. I sell to Fanny Davenport, to all the Madison Square theater professionals, to Miss Ada Rehan, to Lily Langtry, Rhea, Modjeska, Clara Morris, and many others. They are very careful not to get face powder or cream of any kind that would be deleterious. Fanny Davenport usually buys in large quantities. Now here is a drop of chalk in colors. It is used instead of paint, and is free from lead and any poisonous mineral. In a second you can take a lump of it and by a few rapid strokes have any complexion that the colors in the rainbow reflect. Then here is a camellia lotion, which can be spread over the face and not close up the pores of the skin. It is delightful and harmless. It sells rapidly. I am very careful not to put vinegar in the lotions. It makes the face draw up and quite spoils other effects."

"Do you have many customers outside of actresses and actors?"

"No, not a great many. People think that queer kinds of paint are used by actresses, but they are mistaken. Actresses want pure cosmetics, and will go their length to get them. When their faces get old the public tires of them, so they always demand a pure quality, which I prepare myself."

Pre-Historical Relics.

A short time ago Judge Metcalf, living at 815 Champa street, in Denver, was hunting deer with a son in Mancos or Santa Lucia valley, New Mexico, about twenty-five miles east of Silver City. While tracking a deer over an old Indian trail through a canyon they observed, about 150 feet above the creek bottom where they were, an opening or cave, apparently cut into the steep side of the cliff. Climbing to it with some difficulty, they found a cave, evidently the work of man, 100 feet deep, 25 feet wide, and about 12 feet high. The floor of this cave was covered with the excrement of bats. While resting after the hard climb young Metcalf thrust the ramrod of his gun into the floor, and felt something rattle against the end. A small portion of the covering was then turned up. They ascertained that the excrement deposit was from one to three feet in thickness. Beneath this was a deposit of what was afterward found to be animal charcoal from ten to fourteen inches deep, and under this a layer of ashes packed lightly down from six to ten inches deep. It was after penetrating the latter that they made their most important discovery. This was a large number of relics of various kinds, consisting of figures of men rudely carved in wood, evidently with stone tools, numerous representations of the rising sun made of splints of wood sewed together with thread made of the fibre of smole or soap weed with the aid of awls made of bone, some of which were found; a representation of a serpent with a bird's head cut out of wood, arrows with flint heads, some of them very small, bows of various sizes, stone axes and hammers, large bunches of thread made from the soap weed fibre, also cotton thread and cotton batting in masses, basket work of every description including hampers, breast plates adorned with shells and beads, and in other forms whose use is unknown, long strings of beads, and long, slender painted sticks tied in bundles, and flat painted splints of wood, the latter having characters upon them, but whose purpose is a mystery, together with a large number of similar articles which Judge Metcalf has preserved, notwithstanding some flattering offers which have been made by the Smithsonian and other institutions.

The Judge thinks the cave was a burial place, and that the deposit of animal charcoal is the remains of a wholesale cremation of the dead who were probably killed in some great battle. This belief is strengthened not only by the opinion of several learned professors, who have visited the spot in his company, but by the actions of a small band of Indians whose medicine or wise men he invited to his house to see the relics. Those Indians were encamped a short distance from his house, and he sent an invitation for the medicine men to come over, but the whole band [illegible] came trooping over in a manner that at first alarmed him, making peculiar cries. Upon bringing the various articles out in front of the house they formed a ring around them and joined in a solemn dance, uttering a sort of chant. Upon asking an explanation from the interpreter he said they regarded the relics as sacred and thought it sacrilege to remove them from the place where they had been deposited.

A professor of the Smithsonian institution who saw the cave says the articles were placed there over one thousand years ago, and bases his estimate upon the annual deposit covering them. None of the Indians in the neighborhood have any recollection or legends of the people who lived there at this remote age.

The numerous representations of the sun which were found show that these people were sun worshipers, and it is well known that the Pueblos and Zunis to this day go upon the tops of their adobe house every morning and with their faces turned toward the east watch for the rising god of the day.—*Denver News.*

Punishment of Falsifiers.

During the fourteenth century there can be no doubt that the companies exercised a very effective superintendence over trade and manufacture. The city records abound with accounts of the exposure and punishment of fraud at the instigation of the companies, whose representatives seem to have used their powers of scrutiny and search with considerable vigor. Some of the cases reported with all solemnity in the "Remembrancia" are very quaint, and afford a curious insight into the manner of the time. Thus in 1311 we read of a scrutiny of "false hats" being prosecuted "at the request of the hatters." with the result that 15 black and 40 gray and white hats were seized as false, and condemned to be burned in Chepe, while "certain other hats," of the bona fides of which there was some doubt, were "postponed for further consideration." In 1316 "the good folk of the trade of potters" denounced to the Mayor and Alderman diver persons, and especially one "Aleyn le Sopere," who busied themselves by buying "in diver places pots of bad metal, and then put them on the fire so as to resemble pots that have been used and are of old brass, and then," the record continues, "they expose them for sale in West Chepe on Sundays and other festival days to the deception of all those who buy such pots, for the moment they are put upon the fire and exposed to great heat they come to nothing and melt. By which roguery and falsehood the people are deceived, and the trade also is badly put to slander." The magistrates of the fourteenth century were not restricted to the dull monotony of "40s. or a month," and they seem in devising penalties to have given free scope to their powers of invention. For example, one Quilhogge having bought a putrid pig, which had been lying a long time by the riverside, for 4d., cut from it two gammons for sale, and sold part thereof "in deceit of the people." He was sentenced to stand in the pillory while "the residue of the gammons was burnt beneath him." In the same way a seller of bad wine was condemned to stand in the pillory, to drink a draught of his own stuff, and to have the remainder poured over his head. We may well envy our ancestors the protections of this excellent law, and sigh that the solace of its discriminating application is denied to us.—*Quarterly Review.*

There is a great demand for real estate in several of the towns of Georgia, and in some instances, it is reported, families are compelled to board, being unable to secure houses.

Madame Mohl and the Empire.

Madame's Mohl's detestation of the Empire and all connected with it was marked by her habitual exaggeration in loving and hating. Anything that exposed the iniquities of the *regime* and its "*suppots de Satan*"—her generic term for every functionary in the Imperial service, from the prime minister down to the exciseman—anything that threw odium or ridicule on "*Celui-ci*," was welcome to her as flowers in May.

One Friday evening, at the Rue du Bac, M. Guizot came in, and related the following story that he had just heard:

A relation of the Duchesse de R—— had married one of those "suppots de Satan," and had further degraded herself by living under the roof with Celui-ci. The unhappy lady had become from that time forth, naturally, as one dead to her kith and kin in the noble Faubourg. But she was now ill, dying, it was believed, and it was a fit occasion for the exercise of mercy. The family therefore resolved to send her to judgment absolved at least by the Faubourg St. Germain. The duchess herself generously volunteered to take this message or pardon to her dying relative. She ordered her carriage, and said to the footman, "Aux Tuileries!" The man stared, but carried the order to the coachman; whereupon that venerable functionary, who had driven three generations of R——s, got down from his seat, and, presenting himself at the carriage window, said, "Madame la Duchesse, I cannot have the honor of conducting your grace to the Tuileries; my horses do not know the way there."

Madame Mohl clapped her hands in delight, exclaiming, "And the duchess kissed the old coachman?"

"No," said M. Guizot, "but she got out of her carriage, and sent for a cab."

Madame Mohl lived on this story for a week, and so did her friends.

"The present state of things makes me so sick," she writes to Madame Scherer, apropos of the Empire, "that I can hardly digest my victuals. I should not eat at all if I thought much about it, so I think of something else, and read travels in South America."—*Kathleen O'Meara, in April Atlantic.*

A Mournful Prophecy of Woes.

Professor Grimmer, in a pamphlet published in 1879, predicted seven years of disaster and famine, beginning with 1880 and ending with 1887, during which the world will be a hell of strife and carnage. He said:

From 1880 to 1887 will be one universal carnival of death. Asia will be depopulated, Europe nearly so. America will lose 14,000,000 of her people. Beside a plague, we are to have storms and tidal waves, mountains are to toss their heads through the choicest valleys, navigators will be lost by the thousands owing to the capricious deviations of the magnetic needle, and islands will appear and disappear in the ocean. All the beasts, birds and fishes will be diseased, famine and civil strife will destroy most of the human beings left alive by plague, and finally "two years of fire"—1885 to 1887—will rage with fury in every part of the globe. In 1887 the "Star of Bethlehem" will "reappear in Cassiopia's Chair," the immediate results being universal war and portentous floods and shipwrecks. North America is to be again involved in civil war unless a "Napoleon" arises to quell it, but during these terrible days the Pacific States will be a veritable paradise of peace, compared to the hellish strife that will be waged throughout the world. The people that may manage to survive till 1887 will have reason to be thankful.

A new mignonette has been originated by a florist in Newark, N. J., with spikes nearly six inches long and six inches in circumference. If the price put upon it is any criterion of its merits, it must be valuable. The seed, which is a little larger than the proverbial mustard seed, has been modestly offered at $100 for 100 seeds.

When Advertising is Wanted.

There's nothing on earth so mysteriously funny as a newspaper advertisement. The prime, first, last, and all the time object of an advertisement is to draw custom. It is not, was not and never will be designed for any other human purpose. So the merchant waits till the busy season and his store is so full of customers that he can't get his hat off, and then he rushes to the newspapers and puts in his advertisement. When the dull season gets along, and there is no trade, and he wants to sell goods so bad he can't pay his rent, he takes out his advertisement. That is, some of them do, but occasionally a level-headed merchant puts in a bigger one and scoops all the business, while his neighbors are making mortgages to pay the gas bill. There are times when you couldn't stop people from buying everything in the store if you planted a cannon behind the door, and that's the time the advertisement is sent in on its holy mission. It makes light work for the advertisement, for a chalk sign on the sidewalk could do all that was needed and have half a holiday six days in the week, but who wants to favor an advertisement? They are built to do hard work, and should be sent out in the dull days when a customer has to be knocked down with hard facts and kicked insensible with bankrupt reductions and prices before he will spend a cent. That's the aim and end of an advertisement, and if you ever open a store, don't try to get them to come when they are already sticking out of the windows, but give them your advertisement right between the eyes in the dull season, and you will wax rich and own a fast horse, and perhaps be able to smoke a good cigar once or twice a week. Write this down where you'll fall over it every day. The time to draw business is when you want business, and not when you have more business than you can attend to already.—*Bridgeport (Ct.) Post.*

Stationer.

A *stationer* is one who had a "station" or stand in the market-place for the sale of books, in order to attract the passers-by as customers. An *upholsterer*, originally *upholster*, was, it would seem, an auctioneer, who "held up" his wares in order to show them off. The double-*er* in this word is superfluous, as in *poult-er-er*. A *haberdasher* was so called from his selling a stuff called *hapertas* in old French, which is supposed to be from a Scandinavian word meaning peddlers' wares, from the *haversack* in which they were carried.—*Chambers's Journal.*

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The Bucks County Gazette.

JESSE O THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE, CORNER RADCLIFF AND WASHINGTON STS.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

☞No subscription continued after expiration of time paid for.

☞ THURSDAY APRIL 16, 1885.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

—The people who spend the most money this year in scraping, cleaning and whitewash will spend the least for doctor bills and funeral expenses—*Philadelphia Press.*

The *Press* struck the truth this time without a shadow of doubt. In any year cleanliness is highly conducive to health, and this year will not be an exception. This is supposed to be a cholera year. In its travels westward it is said it will reach the shores of America. It is a filth disease. Its origin is out of the dirt and squalor of Asia, and its first victims are those whose lives are spent in filth. Dirt is as perfect a conductor of disease as the stretched wire upon which the electric current flows. Cleanliness breaks the circuit, and checks its further progress.

There may be places in Bristol that need "scraping, cleaning and whitewashing." Alleys and drains should be looked into. Cesspools and privy vaults should be taken care of. Cellars should be sweetened by a coat of whitewash, and a general cleaning up before the hot weather commences, should be given to all places when there is a suspicion of dirt.

—How they use to serve debtors in Bucks County in the olden time, is thus related by "Iron Mask" in the Germantown *Telegraph*. "Imprisonment for debt was a favorite method of enforcing payment in Pennsylvania and elsewhere in Colonial times and later. In Bucks the old records are full of proceedings against "prisoners taken in execution," as the unfortunate debtors were then called. In 1737, one Peter Jordan was discharged from jail, having surrendered all his property. The inventory of the property given up shows how very "hard up" the Colonial debtor sometimes was. He was the possessor of one grubbing hoe, one little iron pot, and one old bed. Sometimes the debtor was discharged upon making "satisfaction by servitude," that is, he was sentenced by the Court to serve each creditor long enough to discharge the debt. Thus Robert Lawrance, in 1765, was sentenced to serve twenty creditors in succession. The limit of his temporary slavery was 795 days. Where the debt was under ten pounds and the debtor was a soldier in his Majesty's service, he was discharged on application to the justices. Robert Talbot was discharged in this way in 1756, on the application of William Scott, a Sergeant in the King's army.

—A band of dime novel robbers has been broken up in Antioch, Georgia. The boys had a den in a cellar and made nightly thieving excursions. They had been reading current boys' literature and had organized according to the plot in one of the stories. Seven of the ring-leaders had keys to each of the business houses, which they would enter at will and bring their booty to the cellar, where distribution would take place. They had signs, pass-words and many mysterious ceremonies. The disclosure has brought grief to many families of the boys.

—A writer in the *Medical World* says that as opium is an antidote for pain, so, conversely, the real antidote for an overdose of opium is to cause persistent pain. With this idea he has "often placed a hand vise on the thumbs and snap clothes pins on the finger to neutralize the effect of the drug." The method appears to have been successful, though the patients did not feel pain until a considerable time after the application. As the pain increased in severity the pins were removed one by one and the patient revived.

—As an illustration of the dissatisfaction felt among the Democrats in Washington over Cleveland's course in respect to the offices, the Cincinnati *Enquirer* quotes the following remark of one of them: "Does President Cleveland think the Democratic party has waged a war on their common enemy for twenty-four years merely to place a few men on pedestals?"

—There is in Boston what may be termed the mind-cure epidemic. It has come up within the last few years, has taken extensive hold of the popular mind, and is being vigorously taught and practiced as a science. Large numbers of men and women who have learned the "science" are healing diseased people, as they claim. They have offices, and go to patients as do other physicians. The thing is fashionable, too.

—A Deadwood miner, skeptical as to the ability and honesty of the of the assayers in that locality, pulverized an old jug, mixed it with graphite, and took it to a Deadwood assayer. Another portion he gave to a Lead City assayer. The Deadwood authority reported thirty ounces of silver per ton and the Lead City expert gave $2 per ton in gold and no silver as the result of his investigations.

—The *Free Press* says: "Moses C. V Shoemaker, of Dingman's Ferry, has one of the newest houses in Pike county, but its floors are laid with what is undoubtedly the oldest manufactured lumber in the Union in actual use for a similar purpose. The boards are made from yellow pine lumber. They are an inch and a half thick and almost two feet wide. The trees from which they were cut were felled along the Delaware river, at Dingman's, more than 160 years ago. The boards were sawed out by hand by ancestors of Mr. Shoemaker and were used as the floor in a stone house which they erected in 1724. This building also served as a fort, those early settlers being constantly exposed to Indian raids. The ancient structure was demolished a year ago to make room for the new Shoemaker residence."

—The San Francisco *Bulletin* says that the work of the Lick trustees is approaching completion, most of the provisions of the trust having been fulfilled. There remain four pieces of work to be accomplished. The most important is the Lick Observatory, which would have been finished long ago but for the difficulty in obtaining a lens for the great telescope. The contract was given for the lens in 1881, and one of the glass disks to compose it has been obtained, but as yet the castings for the crown disk have proved to be imperfect, and the completion of the telescope seems to be as far distant as ever. Land for the Lick Free Baths has been purchased and the buildings will soon be erected. The sum of $75, 000 will be expended on the baths and $75,000 reserved as a fund to maintain them. The next bequest of Mr. Lick was $60,000 for a bronze monument of Francis Scott Key, the author of "Star Spangled Banner," to be erected in Golden Gate Park. W. W. Story, the distinguished American sculptor, has been invited to submit designs. Designs and proposals are expected from him in a few months. The final work will be a bronze group for the new City Hall, and the endowment of the California School of Mechanical Arts.

—Five per cent of all cancers are situated upon the tongue. The average duration of life in cancer of the tongue is, without operation, 10½ months, with operation, 16 months. In some cases, after operation, the patients have lived for from two to five years, or even ten years.

—The healing power of earthquake is a subject for discussion in the Spanish medical press. The statement is made that in the recent shake-up as Malaga most of the patients forgot their diseases and took to the open air. The change agreed with them so well that a few only have returned to the hospital.

—The noted fast of Kate Smulsey at Fort Plain ended at 8 A. M., Thursday by her death. The first symptoms of her disease were manifest in July, 1882, by the twitching of her arms and sharp pains through the head. She did not give up, however, until October of that year, when she took to her bed never to leave it. She ate small quantities of food until March 11, 1884, when, because it distressed her, and because she said she lacked desire for food, she refused to eat anything. For a few months after she would take water in her mouth and eject it without swallowing any, but from August to November, it is asserted by her family, who are truthful people, she took neither food nor liquids. From March to Thanksgiving Day it is undisputed that she ate nothing. Miss Smulsey's flesh began to waste, her sight became more dim, and for the past week she was unconscious most of the time. She became so emaciated that she weighed only twenty-five pounds. Miss Smulsey was twenty-one years old, of German descent, and previously to her illness worked at dressmaking.

—The farmers of the interior of Virginia are truly afflicted. A heavy loss of stock by the great scarcity of food and the extreme cold is now followed by ravages by wolves, which infest the Elk and Greenbier Mountains, and by eagles. The *Star*, published at Clay, is authority for the statement that a flock of eagles have carried off sheep and other small stock to the value of $1000 in Union District, Clay county.

—When Proctor Knott made his fanciful Duluth speech fifteen years ago the humor of the thing tickled the entire continent. No one dreamed that Duluth would ever amount to anything, and when Knott called her "the paragon of cities," everybody laughed. Still this town is third in the list of grain-receiving points, beating Milwaukee, Toledo and St Louis.

—A portrait of Gen. Geo B. McClellan will be the frontispiece of the May *Century*. Among the other engravings in the number are a full-page picture of Gens. Lee and Jos E Johnson, and a full page portrait of Gen. Grant, from a photograph made in 1864. In the same number will appear Mr. E. V. Smalley's first paper on the New Orleans Exposition, with a number of pictures, mostly character sketches, E. W. Kemble.

☞For pure teas, coffees, and spices go to Goforth's, 66 Mill street.

—A New Jersey exchange says: "Several days ago, a Bordentown dog fancier advertised the loss of a yellow female Skye terrier, and offered a reward for the return of his pet canine. That same day the owner of the lost terrier was amazed to see his hunting dog push open the gate leading into his residence, carrying the pet terrier in his mouth. The dog pursued his way to the back porch, where he scratched the door until admitted by his master. When in the house he let go his prize and barked vociferously, which probably was a plea for the reward. Where, when or how the hunting dog found his lost companion, remains a mystery to his master, who vouches for the above story. The dog is not known to have read the advertisement, although he may have seen it."

—Queen Victoria fulfils the biblical description of taking up her bed and walking when she changes her residence. It appears the Queen always sleeps in a wooden bed of a particular shape and made up in a special way, and whenever her Majesty goes to a strange place a bed and its furniture are despatched from Windsor for her use. Two were sent off a couples of weeks since from the workhouse at the castle, the one for the Queen's cabin in the steam yacht Victoria and Albert and the other has gone to Aix-les-Bains. There is already one of the Queen's bed's at Darmstadt. It was sent out when she went there last year.

—There is one lawsuit in America almost as old as the English possession of the country, and it concerns no less valuable property than a good slice of the city of New York itself. This is the claim concerning the farm of Anneke Jans, the widow of one of the earliest Dutch settlers who departed the city of New Amsterdam and in this moral life in 1637 or 1638, and whose spouse afterwards married Domine Bogardus. The farm was afterwards merged into the King's Farm, owned by Trinity Church, and the first trial as between the corporation and the heirs of Anneke Jans took place long before the Revolution. The case is not settled yet, and that veteran guard of the interests of New York, Mr. James W. Gerard, tells the story of the farm and of the suit in the forth-coming May *Harper's*, with the help of a number of illustrations.

—It is a curious fact that one of the most famous poems in our language appeared originally in a magazine that seldom touches poetry at all, and the same periodical, after an interval of sixty-six years, now brings another poem very similar in the way. Bryant's "Thanatopsis" was first printed in the *North American Review* for September, 1817. The May number of the *Review*, just out, has a poem by Robert Buchanan on "The New Buddha." The critics found fault with Mr. Bryant's poem on the ground that it was un-Christian, it remains to be seen what they will say of Mr. Buchanan's. The question, "Has Christianity Benefited Woman?" is ably discussed in this number by Mrs Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Bishop J. L. Spalding. President J. L. Pickard writes on "Why Crime is Increasing," and David Dudley Field on "Industrial Co-operation," while Prof. Andrew F. West, of Princeton, contributes an article of great clearness and strength on "What is Academic Freedom?" James Payn, the English novelist, discusses "Success in Fiction," and T. F. Thiselton Dyer "Superstition in English Life." The new department of Comments keeps well up to the standard with which it started.

—David Roth, a wealthy horse dealer of Shamokin, was thrown from his horse Monday night on the railroad track, just as the fast freight came along. His remains were so scattered that they could not be collected before morning.

—Messrs. Scribner will shortly publish a striking new novel of the North and South, entitled "Across the Chasm." The author is a Southern lady, whose name is not divulged.

☞A Stankowitch, the well-known and experienced piano tuner of Philadelphia, makes regular visits to Bristol to tune the instruments of his regular customers, and will also accommodate parties at any time through the year. Orders can be left at the GAZETTE office or sent to him at 1534 Vine street, Philadelphia, and will receive prompt attention.

—The dahlia, after having been unfashionable for many years, has of late again gained many friends, who will no doubt be interested to learn that this flower might this year celebrate the centenary of its introduction in Europe. In 1784 the Spaniard Vincent Cervantes found a new plant in Mexico with small red, violet, or orange flowers around a large yellow centre, growing on a long thin stock. He sent a specimen to Senor Cavanilles, the director of the Botanical Gardens at Madrid, who gave the flower its present name. From Spain the dahlia was exported all over Europe. For the first thirty years it was cultivated in England in a greater variety than in any other country, but later on Germany, and especially the town of Kostritz, has taken the first place in the culture of dahlias.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To You. From Oak Hall.

The Samson of the Period.



Copyright, 1885, Wanamaker & Brown.

Imperial power rests with the Farmer. The great freight corporations seek him that they may take toll upon his ample stores. We traders seek him to take *our* stuff. *His* staples are down, *his* face long—but why? No reason, while his dollar will buy so much. The Oak Hall stock proves this. Our story for this spring is a tale of cheapness. Note these examples in Men's Suits: Blue Flannel Suits, $6.50, $10.00, $12.00, $15.00. They are all, except the lowest, all-wool and all full indigo color. All-wool Black Cheviot Suits, $8.50 and $10.00. Black Corkscrew and Diagonal Worsted Suits, $13.00, $15.00, $18.00, $20.00, $22.50, $25.00, $28.00, $30.00. Brown, Wine, Blue and Dahlia Worsted Suits, $15.00, $20.00, $22.50, $25.00, $28.00. Just so through all the stock, the three great E E E's, Elegance, Excellence, Economy, prevail.

Pleasures of the Imagination.



Copyright, 1885, Wanamaker & Brown.

Happy youngster. A chair, a box, half a dozen big books, bits of cord and cork. Papa's cane, Mamma's aquarium, and a vivid imagination, supply all his needs. Neither Rangeley trout nor Saguenay salmon can so delight the expert angler. Imagination has joys and limits. It will not make a dear thing cheap nor an old thing new. Real wants demand real supplies, and this fact underlies the great Oak Hall Million Dollar investment in Clothing and Cloths for Men and Boys. Real Bargains must be facts—hence the Oak Hall system offers only Bargains. For Boys the stock is big. Large Boys' Suits, $5.00 to $18.00. Small Boys' Blouse Suits, $3.50 to $12.00. Sailor Suits, $2.50 to $6.00.

Wanamaker & Brown,

Oak Hall,

S. E. Cor. Sixth & Market Sts., Philadelphia.

—At the recent meeting of the Norristown insane asylum, Dr. Rebecca Hunt tendered her resignation. Dr. Harriet M. Lewis, the assistant physician to succeed Dr. Hunt, is a native of Portland, Maine, and is a graduate of the Women's Medical college of Philadelphia. She has been engaged for over a year in the Woman's hospital.

☞SOMETHING FOR THE BABY.—What what a terrible affliction about the house is a cross, crying baby! A young man on the very edge of matrimony might easily be frightened from his purpose by having too much of that sort of music at the homes of his married friends. Yet babies cry commonly only when they are sick. One teaspoonful of Parker's Tonic, given the little one, will bring rest and sleep to the baby and all in the house. Only 50 cent, at druggists.

—Charles Maybey, of Morrisville, in returning from a carousal at Trenton N. J., Saturday night, was struck and killed by a train on the railroad bridge across the Delaware.

—Mr. Parnell's always frigid style of oratory has become even colder and more nonchalant than ever. He speaks, except on rare occasions, as an official duty, apparently, rather than from any other motive, and seems to take a pleasure in showing that, as it was not by mere talk that he gained his unique position, he need not imitate the loquacity of his followers.

☞S. B. Durfey, mate of steamer Arizona, had his foot badly jammed. Thomas' Eclectric Oil cured it. Nothing equal to it for a quick pain reliever.

—*Progress* says Philadelphia ladies have instructors in the roller skating art to come to their houses, so that they may not be awkward when they appear in public.

☞Perfect soundness of body and mind is possible only with pure blood. Leading medical authorities of all civilized countries endorse Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best blood purifying medicine in existence. It vastly increases the working and productive powers of both hand and brain.

☞Ayer's Cathartic Pills are suited to every age. Being sugar-coated they are easy to take, and though mild and pleasant in action, are thorough and searching in effect. Their efficacy in all disorders of the stomach and bowels is certified to by eminent physicians, prominent clergymen, and many of our best citizens.

—John Arnett, of Tuckertown, fell or threw himself into the canal at Trenton, N. J., on Saturday night, and was drowned.

☞EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER—Regarding Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy," the writer, Prof. A. B. Chandler, Principal of the Academy, Brookhaven, Miss., says: "I suffered from torpidity of the Liver and Bowels and Paralysis. I used the 'Favorite Remedy' for two months, and am now able to use my side, which for a long time had been like a piece of dead flesh. My general health was never better than at present."

☞THE BEAUTY OF YOUTH.—No matter how handsome or stalwart a young man may be otherwise, nothing can make up for a partially bald head. Shining talents are attractive, but a shining poll is not. The cause may be sickness or any thing else, yet Parker's Hair Balsam will stop the loss of the hair and start a new growth of glossy and soft hair so quickly as to surprise you—restoring the original color at the same time. Not a dye, but oils, delicately perfumed. Only standard 50 cent dressing.



Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short phate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall-st. rect, N. Y.

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you *free*, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful, 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer. To all who are not satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, &c., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

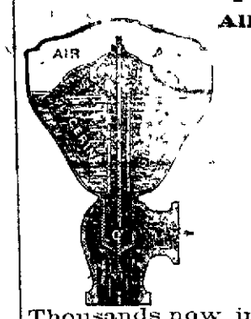
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GAS BILLS Reduced Fifteen to Forty per cent., Guaranteed,

BY USING THE

Sleeman Improved Automatic Gas-Saving Governor.



All Brass; no Rubber or Leather Diaphragm to be Eaten up by Gas; no Mercury to cause Dangerous Leaks and Poison the Air.

WE SUBSTANTIATE THE FOLLOWING CLAIMS

Greater brilliancy, steadier flame, no broken globes.
No blowing nor smoking burners. Insurance risks greatly reduced.
No poisonous vapors from unconsumed gases.
No vitiated atmosphere.
No smoked up walls, paintings nor drapery.
Save their cost every 3 months. Equal to 100 per cent per annum. Do they pay?

Thousands now in use in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago and elsewhere. Time proves all things.

Pamphlets giving full information and highest testimonials at GAZETTE office, or by mail.

The Penna. and New Jersey Gas-Saving Company,
721 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

JESSE O. THOMAS, Manager for Bristol.

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WONDER-BOOKS are not trifling toys, but the best literature of the world presented in excellent and attractive form, at prices so low as to excite universal "wonder."

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GRIFFIN'S Larger HISTORY of the ENGLISH PEOPLE.
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CREASY'S Fifteen DECISIVE BATTLES of the WORLD.
SCHILLER'S HISTORY of the THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

HARPER & BROTHERS' lowest price for these four great works is $11.50, my price is *$2.50*; postage 40 cents extra.

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Herbert Spencer on Education.
Great Thoughts from Greek Authors.
Great Thoughts from Latin Authors.
Complete Essays by Lord Bacon.
Complete "Letters of Junius."
Irving's Rip Van Winkle and Other Sketches.
Washington's Farewell and Other Addresses.
Macaulay's Life of Frederick the Great.

The above cannot be obtained from any other publishing house for less than $10, my price is *$1.75*; postage 40 cents.

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100-PAGE CATALOGUE sent free. The best Literature of the world at the lowest prices ever known. Books sent for EXAMINATION BEFORE PAYMENT on reasonable evidence of good faith. Address

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393 Pearl Street, New York.

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Any who have not already been supplied by us with

WILTONS - at $1 50,

we shall be pleased to have them call now.

OUR BEST VELVETS at $1 00, come next in wear to Wiltons, and we are selling them in large quantities (same quality sold elsewhere at $1.35 to $1 50.)

BODY BRUSSELS at $1.00

OUR VELVETS at .95

outwear Body Brussels, and are in Moquette effects.

TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, 50 cts. and upwards.

We did not make any of the above to be sold at such low prices. Our customers have, therefore, all the more benefit.

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For 50 cents we will send post paid Roche's Manual for Amateurs, which gives full instruction for making the pictures.

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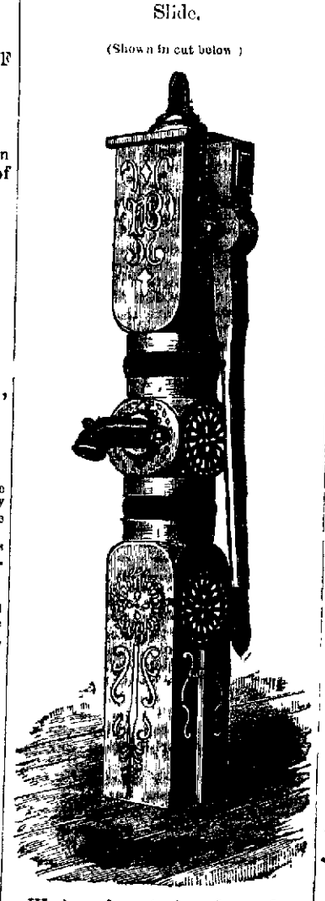
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WOOD PUMPS,

With patent close Bracket and Frost Slide.

(Shown in cut below.)



We have been trying for a long time to get a Wood Pump to please every one; we have at last found one that makes a perfect Pump in every respect, and well worthy of your consideration. To those who have not tried our Pumps, we solicit a trial, feeling confident of giving entire satisfaction.

J. Wesley Wright,

West of Canal, Mill St.

BRISTOL, PA.

We are now opening our new line of

Carpets! Carpets!

FOR THE

SPRING SALES,

at prices that are astonishingly low, and that will satisfy buyers that there is no need for them to go outside of our own town to be suited.

FIVE FRAME BODY BRUSSELS.

BRUSSELS! BRUSSELS!

At 50, 62, 65, 75, 90 and $1 00 per yard.

EXTRA SUPER ALL WOOL INGRAIN,

60 to 75 cents.

EXTRA SUPER INGRAINS,

Cotton Chain.

ALL WOOL INGRAIN 50c yard

INGRAINS, in all grades, from 52 cents per up.

WOOL STRIPE RAG CARPETS

HALL AND STAIR CARPETS,

in large variety.

MATTINGS! MATTINGS! MATTINGS!

from 12½ cents yard up.

Floor Oil Cloth and Oil Cloth Shades.

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

in great variety.

J. Wesley Wright,

Next Canal Bridge,

Mill St. Bristol, Pa.

NOTICE.

THE Board of Directors of the Fidelity Building Association will hold a stated meeting in the second story of the Town Hall, on Tuesday evening, April 14th, 1885, at half past seven o'clock and regularly thereafter on the second Tuesday of each month, at the same place and hour, for the purpose of transacting the business of the association.

A. WEIR GILKESON,
Secretary.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette.

THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1885.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as Periodicals.

PUBLISHED TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

Single copies of GAZETTE for sale at the office, at the counter of Post Office, and by Newsboys.

The GAZETTE can be obtained at the following Agencies, Mill street:

If you like this paper and think it worth the price, you can subscribe for it. Your friends who also like it can be induced to subscribe. Show this paper to your friends and ask them to subscribe.

Bristol Post Office.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

Northern Mail closes at 7.00 A M, and arrives at 11.45 A M and 4.00 P M

Southern Mail closes at 7.00 A M and 4.00 P M, and arrives at 11.45 A M and 6.30 P M

Trenton, Morrisville and Eastern Mail closes at 7.00 A M, and arrives at 11.45 A M and 4.00 P M

Pennsylvania and Newburgh Mail closes at 4.00 P M. Arrives at 11.30 A M

Letter Box at Station closes at 7.00 A M and 4.00 P M. Open on Sundays from 9 to 10 A M and 4.00 to 5.00 P M.

Office open from 7.00 A M to 8.00 P M. Sundays from 9.00 to 10.00 A M.

W. B. BAKER, P. M.

MAILROAD TIME TABLE.

For Philadelphia.

Bristol STREET STATION—2 42 5 25, 6 30, 6 54, 7.28, 7 50 8 11, 8.23, 9.46, 10 58 A M 12 15, 1 45, 3 05, 3 41, 4.11, 5.43, 6.29, 7 06, 9 38, 11 30 P M Sundays—8 11, 9 00 A M 12 25 3 24, 5.08, 7 15, 9 28 P M

From Philadelphia

Bristol STREET STATION—2 01 6 06, 6 50, 7 51 8 10, 10 01 11 15 A M 12 01, 2 09, 3 24 4 20, 5 00, 6 25, 6 09 8 02, 8 35, 7 10 7 19, 10 10, 11 15 P M Sundays—1 06, 7 40, 9 30, 8 16 A. M., 2.06, 6 00 and 6.30 P M.

For Trenton

12 11 1 05 7 38, 8 30, 9 16, 11 00, 11 56 A M 1 54 3 01, 4 14, 5 24 6 26 6 29, 9 42 7 09, 7 59 10 01, 11.14 P M Sundays—9 10 9 49 A M, 5 05, 7 07 P M

From Trenton

2.22 6.30, 7 00, 7 56, 8 00 9 25 10 41, 11.35 A M, 1 18 2 19 3 00, 3 50, 5.25, 6.20, 6 52, 7 40, 9 18, P M Sundays—2 25 A M, 12 01, 3 09 5 51 9 05 11 00 P M

For New York

1 05 7 28 9 15 11 56 A M 5 36 6 42, 7 09 8 01 P M Sundays—1 05 9 15 A M, 7 09 P M

From New York.

6 20 8 30 11 10 A M, 1 00 4 40, 5 00, 7 00 12 00 night Sundays—10 00 A M 1 00 7.00 P M

SOCIETIES.

Thirteen Lodge F O K of P. Washington Hall every evenings

Hope Lodge 87, I O O F. Washington Hall Wednesday evenings

Bristol Council 21, Jr O U A M Mohican Hall Tuesday evenings

Bristol Temple, Imp O M. Mohican Hall every other Tuesday evening

Meade Beatty Post, 73 G A R Mohican Hall Thursday evenings

Bristol Encampment, I O O F Masonic Hall Friday evenings

Bristol Lodge 25, A Y M. Masonic Hall Tuesday evenings on or before full moon

Bristol Division 16 Sons of Temperance Cadwalader Hall Tuesday evenings

Martha Washington Chamber, No 2, O K F. Washington Hall Thursday evenings.

Bristol Beatty League, No 20, J. L. L. Mohican Hall Every other Wednesday evening

STEAMBOAT TIME TABLE.

STEAMER —For Philadelphia, 7.15 A M.
" From Philadelphia, 2 P M
"TWILIGHT" —For Philadelphia, 3.00 P M
" From Philadelphia, 12 M
STEAMER —For Philadelphia, 8.00 A M
" From Philadelphia, 2.30 P M
" For Bordentown, 4.30 P M

—The first shad about Bristol was caught by William M. Holt yesterday morning.

—W. Harry Wright has sold his coal, flour and feed business to Edward Leedom.

—Harold Peirce will build four houses on Washington street this spring. Work on the cellars has commenced.

—Mr. Murphy, of Burlington, N. J., who had in view the issuing of a daily paper here, commencing to-day, has not yet completed his arrangements, and has deferred the time of its publication.

—The constable sold on Tuesday the use of Cedar street wharf to Silbert and Pursell for $5, and the Wood street wharf at the same price to Rogers Brothers. There was no bid for the Mulberry street wharf.

—The bicycle riding at the rink by George F. Hutchinson on Monday and Wednesday evenings was wonderful, and showed a control over the machine that is seldom attained. The difficult feats given received well merited applause.

—The Fidelity Building Association's first meeting was held on last Tuesday evening. Ten loans were sold. 1 to Wesley Johns at 16 cents premium, 2 to James Johnson at 11 cents, 21 to Casper Hagerman at 7 cents; 3 to Michael Welch at 6 cents and 1½ to C. & A. Johnson at 10 cents premium.

—Quarterly meeting services will be conducted at the Wood street A. M. E. church on Sunday, April, 19th. Rev. William Ridgway will preach at 3 o'clock P. M., and Rev. Mr. Miller at 7 30. This being the last quarterly meeting for the present Conference Year, all the friends and well-wishers are invited to be present, on both occasions.

—The Choral Society of Trenton, with the assistance of famous New York soloists will give on Tuesday evening next, at the Taylor Opera House, Trenton, Hayden's Oratorio, "Creation." Arrangements have been made with Harry Bradfield to sell reserved tickets here. Lovers of good music should improve this opportunity of securing a pleasant entertainment.

—On Sunday afternoon the Wood street A. M. E. Church was crowded with worshipers who had gathered to hear the special sermon on "True Greatness" which the Pastor, Rev. H. F. Miller delivered to the "Light of Liberty Lodge," of the American Protestant Association. There were 55 representatives of the Associations from Philadelphia. They presented a fine appearance as they marched in a body from the Depot to the above church. This Association has for its chief end the disseminating of Protestant ideas, in which respect the members claim to be the followers of Luther, Calvin, Knox, Wesley and others. The occasion was very interesting and satisfactory to all concerned.

—At the Council meeting last Monday evening all the members, with the exception of Nelson Green, were present. Applications were received from Charles W. Peirce, Samuel Swain, Miss Anna Warner and Mrs. Mary G Corey for permission to construct drains from their properties on Radcliffe street and drain into the Delaware. The applications were referred to the street committee. A petition for a lamp in front of Mohican Hall was referred to the street committee with instructions to report at the next meeting. A communication from Thomas Hughes, relative to the bad condition of Buckley street was referred to the street committee. A bill of Dr. Potts of $16 for medical attendance was referred to the Poor Committee. A motion authorizing the street committee to advertise for proposals for lighting the streets, amended by requiring that all debts incurred by committees to an amount exceeding $20 be advertised for proposals, was made and lost by a tie vote, after which Council adjourned.

—The members and Sabbath school of the Methodist Episcopal church will celebrate Arbor day to-day by the planting of five Norway maples on the side walk in front of the church and parsonage with appropriate ceremonies. Singing will be given by the Church choir and Sunday school. Rev. William Ridgway, and others will make addresses, after which will come the planting and dedication of trees. The trees are dedicated to the memory of John Wesle, the founder of Methodism, Francis Asbury, the pioneer Methodist Bishop, Capt Webb who in 1769, preached the first Methodist sermon in Bristol under a tree where the Church now stands, Mary Conner, who was one of the first converts, and by whose influence and labors the first church was built, and Rev William McCombs, who paid an old standing debt on the church and built the present parsonage. After each tree is planted the members of the Sabbath School will repeat passages of Scripture of striking appropriateness. The exercises will begin at four o'clock.

—Two burglaries were committed in Bristol last night, but the amount of property stolen was small. One of the places visited was Howell & Comfert's cigar store, opposite the Delaware House. The front door was pried open with a piece of iron. Two overcoats, a few pipes and some smoking tobacco was taken. The till was broken open and about a dollar in change abstracted. The other place was Benjamin Hagerman's cigar store, on Mill street. The thieves effected an entrance in the same manner as at Howell & Comfort's, and took away with them less than a dollar's in change, a box of cigars and some smoking tobacco. It is supposed that tramps did the work.

—At the rink to-night the pleasant attraction of a children's may-pole carnival will be given. It will doubtless attract a number of people. On Friday evening the return game of polo between the Quaker City Club and the Bristol team will be played, and on Saturday night the manager announces a "Big Elephant." For Monday evening's attractions see the advertisement in to-days paper.

—The Sleeman Automatic Gas-Saving Governor is advertised in this weeks GAZETTE. It is heartily endorsed by some of the heaviest gas consumers in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and elsewhere. In Philadelphia a committee of the Franklin Institute to whom was referred for examination the Governor, report it to be an effectual and reliable regulator of the pressure of illuminating gas. The Union League club, the Bellevue Hotel, the Hotel Lafayette, the Philadelphia Safe and Trust Deposit Company and others add their testimonials, as to its capability for saving and its satisfactory working. In New York the Metropolitan Opera House, which uses ten of Sleeman's Governors, report an average saving from gas bills of 33⅓ per cent. Robbins & Appleton the agents for the American Watch Company, testify to the same result. The New York Comedy theatre, R. H. Macy & Co. importers of carpets and dry goods who use three of the machines, The Madison club, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Grand Opera House, are a few of the many who use the Sleemans Gas Governor in New York and who have given their endorsement of the saving they have made by the use of these governors. Residents in Bristol who desire further information relative to the merit of these governors can obtain it by calling at the GAZETTE OFFICE and receiving pamphlets giving full particulars as to prices, etc.

—William J Carnahan, of Penn's Manor, whose son James was killed by the cars at Morrisville last summer, was thrown from his farm wagon on Tuesday last and received injuries which it is feared will prove fatal. His horses became frightened at a locomotive very near the same spot where his son came to his death, and ran several miles before they were stopped. Mr. Carnahan was unconscious when he was picked up.

—Justin McCarthy, the novelist and historian, has contracted to furnish the Harpers for their periodicals a series of short stories during the present year.

AN OLD NEWSPAPER.

Thomas Tomlinson has left on our table a copy of the The Pennsylvania *Gazette*, published in Philadelphia, August 23, 1786, one hundred and four years ago. It was "printed by Hall & Sellers, at the new printing office, near the market," and had four pages with three columns to a page. Over half of the matter contained, was of an advertising character. The war news was meagre. Lord Cornwallis was reported to be at Yorktown. An engagement between General Green and Lord Rawdon was reported and disposed of in few lines, and various items, which to-day would be given a column of room in the city dailies, were disposed of in three or four lines. Intelligence from London was received as late as May 30 from Madrid to April 27, and from Paris to June 7th. The advertisements are an interesting feature of the paper. Sixteen hard dollars reward is offered for the return of a horse and capture of the thief. Seven half Joes reward is the sum offered for the return of a bay mare and the arrest of the thief, or eight pounds for the return of the mare. Another advertiser offers four hard dollars reward for the return of his property and one half Johannes for the conviction of the thief. "A young, active, strong negroe lad, 21 years of age, country born," is advertised for sale "His fondness for company in this city and some evil conduct arising there from, hath determined his master to sell him to a person residing in the county when more work and less temptation will better suit him." John Kean, at the sign on the spinning wheel at the corner of Market and Third streets, has the largest advertisement in the paper. His scarlet superfine broadcloths heads the list of articles for sale, and along the line is given a variety of "silk jacket and breeches patterns, corded, plain and spotted callimancoes of various colors. Dove colored paduafoys, an elegant assortment of the most fashionable kentings, and catgut, camblets, durants, rattinets, also inkpots, razors watch chrystals and springs, pots, skillets, bake stones, and winds up with some hogsheads of extraordinary indigo, with numberless other articles to tedious to mention." It is safe to assume, in the absence of all similar advertising, that Mr. Kean was the John Wanamaker of his time, and kept almost everything that people desired to buy.

—The teachers and pupils of the Wood street public school celebrate Arbor Day this afternoon in accordance with the proclamation of the Governor. They have made arrangements to plant six trees, the Directors furnishing the trees and the children performing the pleasant duty of planting. The names given to the trees by the children are Washington, Infinitive Mood, Whittier, Bryant, Thaddeus Stevens, and William Penn, by which they will be known hereafter. The class officers are F Gilkeson, D Barrett, Pauline Jones, J. Brooks W Sherman, and E. Hall. The officers will lead the classes into the yard and after the naming ceremony is over each member will deposit a shovel full of dirt upon the roots of the trees. The pupils will then return to their room and the following programme will be given

Song, "Our Festal Day,"	School
Tree Planting,	Shovel Brigade
Song, "Joy Bells,"	School
Selection from the Bible,	K Sooy.
Reading, "Why We Plant Trees,"	C Hutchins
Recitation, "A Song for the Trees,"	A Pepper
Composition, "Trees,"	E Holland.
Song, "Fair as the Morning,"	School.
Recitation, "Wayside Inn"	Class.
Reading, "Our Native Trees,"	C Brady
Recitation "The Pine,"	M. Jones
Reading & Recitation, "Woodman, Spare that Tree"	E Drury & J Brooks.
Song "The Old Mountain Tree,"	Quartette.
Composition "Noted Trees,"	E Carter
Reading, "The Willow,"	A McIlvaine
Tree Conundrum,	Class.
Song "America,"	School.
Reading "Alice Carr Tree,"	L. Lansell
Song, "Green Leaves,"	School
Reading, "The Whistling Tree,"	W Hall
Composition, "Suggestions,"	L. Wood
Reading, "Planting the Apple Tree,"	Class.
Song, "Swinging Neath the Old Apple Tree,"	School.
Recitation, "XXIII Psalm,"	P. Jones
Song, "O, Come, Come Away"	All

A TERRIBLE LEAP.

While the Pacific Express which left New York at 8 o'clock on Saturday night speeded along at the rate of forty miles an hour, and as it was passing through Morrisville, W. H Browning, a handcuffed prisoner, who was proceeding to West Chester to answer a charge of bigamy, dashed headlong through a car window and escaped. He was in charge of Deputy Sheriffs Hooper and Baker, of West Chester, in this State. He is a coachman by occupation and lately lived at No 1274 Third avenue, New York, and was acquitted in the General Sessions on Saturday upon an indictment charging him with assaulting his young wife Margaret, who appears to be Mrs. Browning No 2, the lawful wife being at present a resident of West Chester.

Browning sat handcuffed in a seat directly in front of the two Deputy Sheriffs. While the train was running between Morrisville and Penn Valley, Conductor Jones was collecting the tickets. Just as he reached the seat on which Browning sat the latter hastily arose and the conductor stepped aside to let the man pass, and in doing so got in front of the West Chester officials and completely blocked their passage. Browning instantly mounted the seat on the other side of the aisle, and placing his manacled hands above his head, dived through the window. The act was such a bold and hasty one that many of the passengers did not know that had occurred until the matter was explained to them. An attempt was made to stop the train, but this was not accomplished until it had reached Tullytown, four miles away from where the prisoner jumped. The Deputy Sheriffs then alighted and walked back in the dark to where they thought Browning had left the train. Not a trace of the prisoner could be found. The search was kept up all of Saturday night and Sunday, and all that could be found was Browning's hat. It is thought that the man must certainly have been injured in some way, as the train was going at such a rate that the train hands say he could not possible have escaped being hurt. It is also likely that he may be concealed in some out-of-the-way place in that section. The two Sheriffs having placed the case in the hands of the Bristol authorities returned home. Those who witnessed the act pronounced it one of the most reckless upon record, and how the man succeeded, in his manacled situation, in plunging through the window and escaping with his life, is regarded as remarkable in extreme.

☞At Goforth's, 66 Mill street, can be found pure teas, coffees, spices, &c.

☞The Clergy, Medical Faculty and People all endorse Burdock Blood Bitters as the best system renovating blood purifying tonic in the world. Send for testimonials.

☞Johnson Brothers, at the corner of Wood and Mill streets, are showing a very fine line of spring clothing. City styles and prices guaranteed.

☞George L. Horn, at the corner of Wood and Mill streets, keeps a first class meat market. Go and see.

☞Handsomest stock of neckties ever seen in Bristol, 50 cts., worth 75. Wood's.

☞Have you seen Wood's stock of Hats?

☞We take your measure for white shirts, 50 cts., 75 cts, and the very best, 90 cts. Wood's.

☞Stylish stiff hats that usually sell for $1.50 are 85 cts. and $1, at Wood's.

☞We will sell you a genuine 75 cent shirt, 2 collars, 48 cents. Wood's.

☞Best overalls in the State for 50 cents. Wood's.

—List of letters remaining in the Bristol post-office, Wednesday evening, April 15th.—Mrs Sarah Cumaroe, Mrs Kate Gibson, Mrs. Annie Herbert, John F. Hussey, Mrs Sarah Irvin, Mrs John Jones, Katie Mulligan, Helen Overmyre, Ida Reese, Mrs. Margaret Smith, Mrs. A Schuite, F J Smith, Miss Maggie Smith, W F. Williams

MARRIED.

LaSHELL—BOOZ.—At Grafton, Nebraska, January 31st, 1886, by Lewis B Scott, Esq, John L. LaShell, of Grafton, to Rebecca D Booz, of Bristol, Bucks county, Pa.

BRISTOL CEMETERY

Lots 9 by 15 feet, as low as $27 each

Lots sold on instalment

A suitable place is reserved for single interments. WALTER R. JOHNSON, President, Hulmeville, Pa

H PURSELL, Secretary,
S W corner Mill and Cedar Sts., Bristol, Pa

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

A GRAND CALICO RECEPTION

AND

Musical Entertainment

WILL BE GIVEN BY A

COMMITTEE OF LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

AT

CABEEN'S HALL,

BRISTOL, PA,

ON

Wednesday Eve., April 29th,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

Rev. Herbert F. Miller,

Pastor Wood St. A. M. E. Church.

Mr PEYTON DEWITT, President.
Mrs JULIA MUNCE, Treasurer.
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MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 20, 1885,

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Profs. O. C. FULLER

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EDWIN BURNHAM.

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Leaves Mill street wharf, Bristol, at 9 o'clock A M Returning, leaves Arch street wharf, Philadelphia, at 2.30 o'clock P. M.
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Leaves Arch St. wharf.	Leaves South Trenton.
Friday, 17, 1 00 A.M	Friday, 17, 5 00 A M
Saturday, 18, 1 30 P M	Saturday, 18 5.30 P M
Monday 20 5 45 A M	Monday, 20, 9 15 A M
Tuesday, 21, 8 15 A M	Tuesday, 21, 10 15 A.M
Wednesday, 22, 7 15 A M	Wed'day, 22, 11 15 A M
Thursday, 23, 8 15 A M	Thur'day, 23 12 15 P M

Leaves Bristol about one hour and a half after leaving Philadelphia or Trenton.
Fare, Philadelphia to Trenton 40 cts. Excursion 30 cts.
All other places, 25 cts. Excursion, 40 cts.

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OF HAYDEN'S ORATORIO

"CREATION"

—AT—

Taylor Opera House, Trenton,

—ON—

TUESDAY EVENING, April 21, '85,

—BY THE—

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AND A
FULL ORCHESTRA OF 18 *PIECES*
GEO. R. EWAN, - - Musical Director.

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Tickets for sale in Bristol at Bradfield's music store on Mill street. All tickets purchased before Saturday 18th inst., will entitle the holder to a reserved seat without further attention at Trenton.
Diagram open at Donnelly's, Greene st., 3 days in advance.
☞Book of words of the *Oratorio* given with each ticket.

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We offer, as the Bargain of the Season:

307 yards French Sateen at 70c; former price, $1 10.
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2025 yards Glazed Furniture Chints at 13c, up to $1; former price, 25c. to $1 50.
140 pairs Swiss Lace Curtains, $6 up to $25; former price, $10 to $40.
187 pairs Madrass Curtains, $1 50 up to $10; former price, $3 to $15.
105 pairs Turcoman Curtains and Portieres, $15 to $40; former price, $25 to $60.
145 Table Covers, $3 75 to $12; former price, $4 50 to $15.

Our customers would do well to anticipate their wants for this class of goods, for although the stock is large the extreme reduction in price must sell it rapidly.

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1008 CHESTNUT STREET.

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WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC SALE ON

Tuesday, April 28, '85,

At 1 o'clock about 40 New Carriages, including

1 Sweet's Phaeton extension top carriage
4 Patent extension Phaetons standing and falling tops, the best carriage yet invented for use of two seats, set low, very easy and stylish
4 One-seated Phaetons, two and three springs, set low very comfortable
4 Jump-seat Family Carriages, a desirable style
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2 Gardner Jenny Linds, a very pretty carriage
10 Falling-top Carriages, Piano, Surrey and Corning styles, Brewster and Timkin side bar and end springs
2 Newtown Carriages, one very light, cloth trimmed, very wide seats high backs, the best there is made
2 The above carriages are all of my own make, bodies white lead and gearing fine springs and axles, and warranted in every particular
In addition to the above carriages I will sell Express or Mill Wagons, Runabout Wagons, One seated Phaetons, Brewster Side-bar Buggies, made by wholesale manufacturers in Syracuse N Y., and in the West. These carriages are worthy the attention of those who wish to buy low. I offer them in competition with other resold in this market
About 15 sets of light Carriage Harness suitable to go with the carriages
Six Months Credit

J. V. RANDALL,
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Ladies, Misses and Gents Gossamer Waterproofs, Boots, Shoes, Toys and Rubber Sundries

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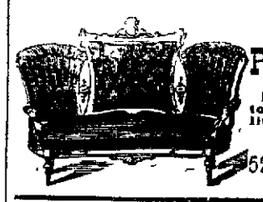
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Having a Large Stock, we have Reduced Prices to make them go off fast. Reliable goods for very little cash.

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NEW STYLES. LOWEST PRICES.

BODY BRUSSELS, $1 00, $1.15, $1 25.
TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, 60c., 65c, 75c, 85c, 90c.
INGRAINS, 35c, 40c, 50c, 60c., 65c, 75c.

PHILIP DOERR & SONS.,

NO. 29 NORTH SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
(Opposite Christ Church.)

1885. "SPRING CARD." 1885.

CARD.—We are now prepared to invite our customers and the public to inspect our offerings for the Spring Season of 1885, as perhaps every reader of this is already aware the dull times for some months past has given rare opportunity to secure Bargains.

And as our rule to "buy as cheap as we can, and also to sell as cheap as we can," our customers will reap the advantage. Our stock of Dress Goods in their variety, Shawls, Skirts, Mushns, Linens, Tickings, Flannel, Underwear for Men, Women and Children, and indeed, our entire stock of needful Dry Goods and Staple Notions may be said to be at "Bargain Prices." When next in the City please call and inspect our offerings and oblige,

JOHN MOORE & CO.,

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WE ARE CROWDED

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And offer the following at low figures:

ONE DECKER BRO.'S UPRIGHT PIANO, Nearly new.
THREE HAINES BRO.'S SQUARE PIANOS,—One scarcely used.
ONE CHICKERING SQUARE PIANO.

Every musician knows that in the line of Organs, MASON & HAMLIN leads the world; these we offer at the usual low figures, but do not confine ourselves to any make. Call before you lose these bargains.

In EASTER GOODS we offer a full line of fine

Plain and Fringed Cards, Novelties in Satin, Plush, &c., at or below city prices, also an assortment of EASTER TOYS.

H. A. BRADFIELD,

NO. 33 MILL STREET, BRISTOL.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

WIT AND HUMOR.

He saved, and he saved, and he saved.
Economical good Mr. Husband;
And when he had got all he craved,
It went to his wife's second husband.
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

I would not live always—I ask not to stay
Where men with their bills chase me round all the day;
There's enough in this world, with each worrying ill—
It's babies, it's failures, it's doctors who kill—
Without an Ionyosaurus
To come round and bore us
From morning to night with his fearful long bill.
—*Rockland Courier.*

The elegant, titled Sir Thomas Haut Ton
Fell in love with the only fair daughter
Of an oleomargarine maker, and won
Her affections by swearing, his honor upon,
That he never would have any but her.

Alas! he repented the pun at his ease.
They were wed, and, as she had the dollars
He must smile when addressed as "My Lard"
or "Your Grease."
When a daughter came, even the joke didn't cease,
But they marked Margar-ine on her collars
—*Harper's Bazar.*

A new book is entitled "How I Made Money at Home." We advise our readers to have nothing to do with it. Three men were arrested a few days ago for making money at home.—*Norristown Herald.*

"I have neither time nor inclination to pass paregorics on the deceased," remarked a Southern funeral orator. "Panegyrics," corrected a person present. "As you please, sir," remarked the orator, stiffly the words are anonymous."

"Are you going to the party this evening, Maud?" "No, I guess not; I'm afraid that horrible Smith girl will be there." "Oh, no, she won't; she said she wasn't going." "Why not?" "Because she was afraid you would be there."

In Virginia a father may be hanged if he consents to the marriage of his daughter when she is only 11 years old. There is many a father who wishes he had been hanged before he consented to the marriage of his daughter when she was 18.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Rich uncle on his death-bed to nephew—I will make you my heir, John, on one condition, and that is you are never to marry. Nephew—I accep the condition, uncle. Rich Uncle—How will you be able to resist the temptation? Nephew—I will move to Boston.

"What a cute little mustache John has," remarked one girl to another. "Slightly scattered, however." "Yes, it's a base-ball mustache." "What's that—nine on a side?" "Of course not; that's old." "What is it, then?" "Why, three out all out."—*Merchant Traveler.*

The word "ranch" means a good deal in the Far West. An Eastern clergyman who is spending the winter in Santa Barbara, Cal., writes of a little boy 4 years old in that lovely valley who was overheard to pray that when he died the Lord would take him to his ranch.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Civil Service Examiner (to colored applicant for the situation of letter carrier)—"State the distance from London, England, to Calcutta, India via the Suez Canal." Colored Applicant—"Say, boss, ef yo'se gwine tor put me on dat route, you can disremove my applicashun offen de book."

It is said that bees will never sting a person whose head is smeared with molasses. The bother of it is, that when a man has incurred the animosity of a colony of bees he doesn't have much time to go home, get some molasses, and spread it on his epidermis. The old-fashioned way is the best—just run.—*Burlington Free Press.*

When I was at Washington I said to the engineer of the little building at the foot of the monument: "You have a mighty tall chimney for such a small factory." He silently chalked a mark on the board wall behind him. "What's that for?" I inquired. "You are the 176th person who made that remark," was his answer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Most people go up stairs in a heathenish fashion, striking their soles against the steps as harshly as possible, wearing out their leather prematurely and making a disagreeable noise. Some run up, taking two steps at a time, and others always fall two or three times. Going up stairs should be one of the slowest and most deliberate acts of a man's life.

"Buckle my shoe, Egbert, dear," said a Chicago belle to her near-sighted fiancee. Egbert went down on his knee like a true knight, but, as he had lost his eye-glass, his vision was a little uncertain. "Is this your foot, darling?" he inquired. "You bet," she said. "Aw, pawdon, I—I thought it was the lounge." Egbert is now disengaged.—*Texas Siftings.*

A New York physician reports a case of wall-paper poisoning—the persons who slept in the papered room having contracted "catarrh, pharyngitis, migraine, conjunctivities, muscular pains, and swelling of the salivary glands." It must have made 'em sick; but they are lucky that the wall-paper didn't also give them ingrowing nails, bunions, and strabismus. — *Norristown Herald.*

"Father," said a young son of Deacon Squibbs, "what is the difference between a man that dies woolen lambs and a New York editor?" "Well now, really, my son," beaming benignly on his offspring; "I am not prepared to state. What is the difference?" "Why, pa, one is a lamb dyer, and the other a —" "What! what! my son!" "New York editor," continued the youth rolling his tongue around in his cheek.

Mrs. Langtry is said to have introduced the song, "Go to Sleep, My Baby," in her performance of Lady Teazie. The innovation seems to have proved popular with London audiences, so we may soon expect Romeo to warble "Over the Garden Wall" to his Juliet, and the Ghost of Hamlet's father will close his remarks to his son with the effective little ballad, "See That My Grave's Kept Green."

The ancient Egyptians were a peculiar people. When a fire broke out they cared for nothing but the safety of their cats and were terribly afflicted if one of them fell a victim to the flames. A dozen cats might howl "Sweet Violets" and other gems of song in a backyard until 3 a. m. and not a single bootjack or shaving-cup would be found in the enclosure the next day.—*Norristown Herald.*

Dog parties are quite the fashion at present. The belles of upper tendom meet at each other's houses, bringing their little favorites with them. The conversation on such occasions is most instructive. "Dear, dear!" exclaimed a charming blonde at one of these intellectual gatherings the other day, "what a horrid little doggie mine is!" "What has he done?" "Why he has eaten up the pretty little sealskin sacque I had made him for this winter." Chorus of fair ones, "The bad, bad doggie!"

"You have the worst-managed office!" remarked Mrs. Gimlet to her husband, as she picked up a newspaper and fanned herself vigorously. "How so, my dear?" inquired Mr. Gimlet. "It is either hot as an oven or cold as a refrigerator. No wonder you have rheumatism. Why don't you have things changed? Discharge your janitor." Why discharge him? It isn't his fault. It's his misfortune. He can't help it." No! Why can't he?" "He was a porter on a sleeping-car for over twenty years."—*Puck.*

Miss Von Gabble—There goes Mrs. Goode, the new minister's wife. Seems to be off for a visit somewhere; has a satchel with her. Mrs. Von Gabble—Why, so it is. They do say that she and her husband fight like cats and dogs, but I don't believe a word of it. The idea! By the way, I have not called on them yet; believe I will run over to the parsonage now. "But Mr. Goode is out of town, and we just saw Mrs. Goode on her way to the depot. There will be no one at home." "Oh, yes; the children will be there, and two of them are old enough to talk."—*Philadelphia Call.*

STONEWALL JACKSON.

Interesting Facts About the Distinguished Confederate General—An Eccentric but Pious Man.

"I first met Stonewall Jackson when he was a college professor and I a student at Lexington, and afterward when he was a commander and I an officer of the Army of Virginia. He was one of the grandest men it has been my good fortune to claim as a friend."

The speaker was Col. George H. Moffat, a gentleman of wealth and leisure, writes a Buckingham, W. V., correspondent to the Pittsburg *Dispatch.* Continuing, he said:

"During the years which I spent at college in Lexington, Va., I made my home with Mrs. Dr. Estelle. She was a warm-hearted and cultured southern woman and a close friend of Jackson, who was then professor of mathematics at the state military institute. He called often at her house, and it was there that I came to know him, in the autumn of 1859. I shall never forget the first time I met him. As a boy I heard of his heroic struggles as a cadet at West Point, and his dashing and gallant services with Gen. Scott in Mexico. In imagination I had created an ideal, which made my first meeting with him a keen disappointment.

"Instead of the handsome, polished gentleman I had pictured, I found him awkward in appearance, severely plain in dress, and stiff and constrained in bearing. But when he began to talk my momentary disappointment passed away. His voice was soft, musical, and expressive, and in conversation his eyes of gray would light up in a way which showed that through the man's nature ran a vein of sentiment as tender as that of a woman. As I listened to his terse and well-rounded sentences, always instructive and full of meaning, boy though I was, I felt that he possessed power which, in stirring times, would make him a leader among his fellows. When in later years I saw his appearance on the battle-field gave renewed courage to veterans who had faced death in a thousand forms, I knew that my conviction was not a mistaken one.

"One thing which made me sincerely respect Jackson was that he was a profoundly devout man. He believed implicitly in a divine power, and labored constantly to bring himself and those to whom he held the relation of teacher to the highest ideal of manhood. An incident which comes to my mind now will illustrate this phase of his character:

"Jackson was the superintendent of a Sunday school in Lexington made up of colored children. My college chum was a teacher in this school, and one day during his absence I took charge of his class. It was a Sunday in summer, and the room was filled with children ranging from 6 to 15 years of age. Scattered among them were several white ladies and gentlemen who acted as teachers. Just as the clock was striking 3 the superintendent called the school to order with a prayer, earnest and full of feeling, which went straight to the hearts of all who heard it. And then the manner in which he handled the lesson of the day, touching upon all the points that would interest his little hearers, was admirable. His way of stating old truths was also charming in its freshness and simplicity. Some of the aristocratic people of the town looked with disfavor upon this undertaking of Jackson's, but his heart was in his work, and then, as ever, heeding not what others said, he did what he believed to be his duty. The success of the school was always dear to him, and even after the war had broken out and he had left Lexington his letters always expressed the desire that it should be kept up as of old.

"Jackson's first wife was the daughter of Rev. George Jenkins, the president of Washington and Jefferson college. It was one of the striking anomalies of the war that, while Jackson was the idol of the southern cause, his father-in-law was an extreme unionist, and at the beginning of the war, on account of his decided views, tendered his resignation and went north. Jackson's second wife, by whom he had one child, a daughter, is still living, and often visits Parkersburg, this state, where the relatives of her husband's mother, the Neals, reside. Both of Jackson's wives were noble women, and to both he was warmly attached.

"Though, as I have said, Jackson was reserved and austere in his bearing, he was one of the most popular men in Lexington. Modest, and always unwilling to make a showing of his powers, everyone, sooner or later, came to regard him as a remarkable man, and even if they did not claim him as a friend they respected him sincerely, and were prompt to show him that they did. In the class-room he was impartial and strict, but not severe. A dull student always received the kindliest encouragement from him, while a lazy one was just as sure of a reprimand. There are scores of men who owe the education they possess to the thorough grounding received during the years spent under Prof. Jackson.

"When in April, 1861, news reached Lexington that the ordinance of secession had been passed, the sleepy old town seemed suddenly changed to a military camp, and on every side were seen the preparations for war. It was decided that the older cadets at the military institute should be sent to the various recruiting stations to drill the volunteers. And so one day in May, with Jackson at their head, they marched away. Poor lads! too many of them—far too many—that morning was only the bright opening of a career soon to end in suffering and death. The time set for their departure was a still, sunny Sunday morning, and all the people of the town, several thousand in number, had gathered to see them off. The cadets, numbering two hundred, were drawn up in front of the gate of the fortress-like institute building, waiting for Jackson's appearance. After a time he came riding out through the gateway on the homely sorrel which afterward became almost as famous as its master. He had barely reached the head of the column, and, wheeling, stood facing the multitude, when, taking off his slouch hat, he said in a low voice: 'Let us pray.' And then an aged minister of the town, Dr. White, lifted his voice in prayer. I can not recall his words, and only remember that he prayed God's blessing might rest upon the cause for which the young men were going forth to battle, and His hands might protect them. When he had finished, Jackson faced his men, and in quick, sharp tones gave the order: 'Forward, march!' And obeying his command, with him at their head, they marched away. On reaching the top of a hill overlooking the town they halted, and Jackson, turning, waved his hat to the people below. Another movement and they were gone. Never again did the people of Lexington see Jackson until he was brought back and laid to rest in the old burying-ground.

"In the days that followed I saw Jackson often—for the last time just after the battle of Manassas, early in September of 1862. I was then serving in the 11th Virginia cavalry, of Stuart's division, my command being encamped in Prince William county, Virginia. I was sick at that time, but having been refused a furlough by Gen. Stuart, I preferred remaining in camp to the hospital. At last a friend of mine went to Gen. Jackson, who readily granted me leave of absence, and I went to my home in Western Virginia. My next tidings of Jackson were that he was dead."

There is considerable barbed fence in Maricopa county, Arizona, and the vast flocks of wild ducks which frequent the valley often fly low, and, striking the barbed fence, become impaled thereon. It is said that tons of ducks are gathered daily by the boys from the fences and sent to market.

A Country Doctor.

He was an excellent specimen of the country doctor, self-reliant, self-sacrificing, working a great deal harder for his living than most of those who call themselves the laboring classes,—as if none but those whose hands were hardened by the use of farming or mechanical implements had any work to do. He had that sagacity without which learning is a mere incumbrance, and he had also a fair share of that learning without which sagacity is like a traveler with a good horse, but who cannot read the directions on the guide-boards. He was not a man to be taken in by names. He well knew that oftentimes very innocent-sounding words mean very grave disorders; that all degrees of disease and disorder are frequently confounded under the same term; that "run down" may stand for a fatigue of mind or body from which a week or a month of rest will completely restore the overworked patient, or an advanced stage of a mortal illness; that "seedy" may signify the morning's state of feeling, after an evening's over-indulgence, which calls for a glass of soda-water and a cup of coffee, or a dangerous malady which will pack off the subject of it, at the shortest notice, to the south of France. He knew too well that what is spoken lightly of as a "nervous disturbance" may imply that the whole machinery of life is in a deranged condition, and that every individual organ would groan aloud if it had any other language than the terrible inarticulate one of pain by which to communicate with the consciousness.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes in April Atlantic.*

Nature's Strange Reprisal.

Very near where we live, writes a Hanover, Germany, correspondent, is the ancient Garten church, in a large cemetery. Here Goethe's Lotta is buried. Her grandson lives in Hanover, and is a wealthy bachelor. He proposes to erect a suitable building in which to place his valuable collection of curios, and then present them to the town.

In the same cemetery is a most curious monument. A lady died, and reports say that she was poisoned by her nephew. Upon one of the stones which marks her grave is an inscription declaring that "this grave should not be open till eternity." Now nature would not allow herself to be thus defied, and a very large tree has grown up from the center of the grave and forced every stone out of its proper place. Three immense blocks of granite, fastened together by the strongest iron clamps, from the foundation upon which rest three other blocks, surmounted by a single block, over which is carved a stone pall. The tree's roots have risen up from under the stones and formed long claws, which seem instinct with life and grasp the stones as if with a death-like grip, bursting every clamp, and twisting the stones and turning them on one side and another in a most curious and wonderful manner. A most singular feature too is the fact that there is not another tree of this kind in the cemetery, and not even in the whole town.

Captain Nathaniel Palmer, of Stonington, the original discoverer of Palmers's Land, furthest south of all land, tells the following story of the way he saved the discovery: He was getting ready to leave it, when a Russian frigate hove in sight. Captain Palmer was ambitious to claim the land for the United States. How to contend with the ship of the Czar he did not know at first. He waited till the frigate ran to the leeward of him and hove to, and then he put up his sheet and squared away for her, running under her stern and calling out as he shot past: "Ahoy, there! ship ahoy! do you want a pilot in?" The ruse succeeded, for the Russian at once filled away, and left the dominion free to the Stars and Stripes.—*Hartford Courant.*

London has 28,000 people who get their living by appearing in public on the stage.

A Great Year For Chewing Gum.

This is a great gum year in Maine, especially on the Penobscot, and now that the sun is climbing up into the north a little and the lumbermen are coming out, the air is fairly redolent with the perfume of the spruce. The logs, knees, and bark are not the only valuable part of the great timber tree, for the gum is worth considerable even in its rough state, just as it is hacked from the crotches of the old trees There are two or three firms here which buy large quantities of it from the lumbermen and gum-hunters for the purpose of refining it, as they say. But as a general thing the refining consists in adulteration with rosin. They throw it into a big kettle, bark and all, and boil it to about the consistency of thick molasses, skimming the impurities off as they rise to the surface. Then, if the purpose be to adulterate, some lard or grease and a lot of rosin is added, and in some cases a little sugar. The mixture then becomes thicker, and, after more stirring, is poured out on a slab, where, while it is yet hot, it is rolled out in a sheet about a quarter of an inch thick, and then chopped with a steel die into pieces half an inch wide and three-quarters of an inch long. These pieces are wrapped in tissue paper and packed in wooden boxes. There are two hundred pieces in a box. Some gum is treated in this way without adulteration.

The best gum comes from no particular locality, but always from the biggest trees. The doctors up here say chewing gum benefits the teeth. The loggers, in their many idle hours by the camp fire, whittle out miniature barrels from blocks of cedar or white pine, hollow them out, and fill them with the choicest gum the woods afford for gifts to their sweethearts, children, or friends when they "come down" in the spring. Others, who go into the woods for gum alone, bring down big bags of gum, and sell it to the manufacturers of the improved article. Up here adulterated gum is called patent gum.—*New York Sun.*

Days Sacred to Mystic Rites.

The day of all others sacred to mystic rites was ever the eve of St. Agnes, (Jan. 20.) when maidens fasted and then watched for a signs. A passage in the office for St. Agnes's Day in the Sarum Missal may have given rise to this custom: "Hæc est virgo sapiens quam Dominus *vigilantem* invenit," and the Gospel is the Parable of the Virgins. Ben Jonson alludes to the custom:

"On sweet Saint Agnes's night
Please you with the promised sight,
Some of husbands, some of lovers,
Which an empty dream discovers."

And a character in "Cupid's Whirligig" (1616) says, "I could find in my heart to pray nine times to the moone and fast three St. Agnes's Eves, so that I might be sure to have him to my husband." Aubrey gives two receipts to the ladies for that eve which may still be useful. Take a row of pins and pull out every one one after another, saying paternoster and sticking a pin in your sleeve, and you will dream of him you shall marry. Again, "you must lie in another country, and knit the left garter about the right-legged stocking, (let the other garter and stocking alone,) and as you rehearse these following verses at every comma knit a knot:

"This knot I knit,
To know the thing, I know not yet,
That I may see,
The man that shall my husband be,
How he goes, and what he wears,
And what he does, all days and years."

Accordingly in your dream you will see him; if a musician, with a lute or other instrument; if a scholar, with a book or papers," and he adds a little encouragement to use this device in the following anecdote: "A gentlewoman that I knew confessed in my hearing that she used this method and dreamed of her husband whom she had never seen. About two or three years after, as she was on Sunday at church, (at our Lady's Church in Sarum,) up pops a young Oxonian in the pulpit; she cries out presently to her sister, 'This is the very face of the man that I saw in my dream. Sir William Soame's lady did the like.'" It is hardly needful to remind readers of Keat's "Eve of St. Agnes" and the story of Madeline:

"Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and wing'd St. Agnes's saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare."

Our ancestors made merry in a similar fashion on St. Valentine's Day. So Herrick, speaking of a bride, says:

"She must no more a-maying,
Or by rosebuds divine
Who'll be her Valentine."

Brand, who helps us to this quotation, gives an amusing extract from the *Connoisseur* to the same effect: "Last Friday was St. Valentine's Day and the night before I got five bay leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk and filled it with salt, and when I went to bed eat it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water, and the first that rose up was to be our valentine. Would you think it? Mr. Blossom was my man. I lay abed and shut my eyes all the morning till he came to our house, for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world."—*Belgravia.*

There is a diversity of opinion as to whether young George Gould will keep the Gould possessions together or not. Thus far he has not fulfilled all the fond desires of his distinguished parent. He has not much of a head for finance or a surplus of aptitude for speculation. To be a good speculator requires much sagacity. He enjoys the theaters very much, and likes to slip in behind the scenes among the pretty chorus of ballet girls, and his head aches quite frequently next day during business hours. Nevertheless, Mr. Gould is making every effort to make a business man of him, and he ought to succeed.

Kissing Shadows.

I was coming up from Cedartown on the East and West one afternoon not long since, writes a correspondent. In the rear of the coach I saw a young couple who seemed to be very deeply interested in each other. The young lady was well dressed and had nice manners. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks rosy, and her lips vermillion. The young couple appeared to be much pleased with each other, and in spite of their surroundings, were indulging in soft speeches and melting glances. After a while the young man suggested that they go out on the rear end of the coach and enjoy the beautiful scenery. The afternoon was bright and the sun was shining across from the west in a genial way, casting long shadows toward the east. The train sped along through fields, over bridges, and around curves, and in my admiration of the fine farms to be seen from my window I had almost forgotten the young couple on the coach. The train was gliding through an open field, when my eyes fell on the young couple reflected against the embankment on the side of the coach where I was sitting. I could distinctly see the outlines of their figures and the profiles of their faces—even the motion of the young man's lips and the shadow of the young lady's eyelashes could be seen. It was amusing to look at, and I called the attention of my neighbor on the next seat to it. Soon almost every one in the car were watching the shadows. The young man seemed to be very earnest and the young lady very attentive. Gently and as if by accident the shadow of the young man's arm glided around the shadow of the young lady's waist and the shadows of the young man's lips were seen to "pucker" and dive at the space between the shadow of the young lady's chin and nose. The passengers in the train became deeply interested, and as the shadows would meet time after time a titter would run up and down the line inside the car. "Dippin' sugar," said one old fellow down in the corner. It seemed that I could almost see the sparks of electricity fly out of the shadows on the bank as the lips came together.

About that time the whistle blew for town and the young couple came in looking harmless and innocent-like and the young lady remarked, "Wasn't that scenery just too lovely?" "Sweet would have been a better word," said the old fellow in the corner in a quiet undertone, and everybody laughed like he had said something funny.

Delacroix's Lion Pictures.

Delacroix painted his famous lion hunting in two copies. He received for either of them 1,800*f.* and 2,000*f.*—that is, for one £80 and for the copy £72; that first copy was sold to a banker in Paris for £100, the second copy went to Algiers. The name of the painter getting more known, as much as £500 was given for the original work by an intimate friend of mine, at whose house the very banker who first had it saw it and wanted to buy it back. The next day a telegram came from Algiers that the copy had been burned. Immediately the price of the now only existing one rose, and I saw it sold two years after for 36,000*f.* (£1,440.) Of course, Delacroix might in the same way complain that he originally received only £80.—*Temple Bar.*

Chickens and Pills.

Dr. Jones, who practices in a suburb of this city has an elaborate machine for making pills. The doctor's practice is quite extensive, and when he puts the machine in operation the result is enough to scare a nervous patient into convalescence or fits. Not long ago Dr. Jones made several quarts of pills and waited for a bright day to dry them. As soon as he had a good look at the sun he spread the pills carefully on the roof of a convenient outbuilding, and drove off to see his patients. About half an hour after the doctor's buggy had disappeared Mrs. Jones heard an unusually vociferous squawk from the boss rooster of the back-yard, but she had not curiosity enough to investigate the cause, being confident that no colored brother would invade the chicken reservation on such a bright day. If she had looked she would have seen the rooster perched on the roof of the outbuilding eating pills as though he was laying up for seven lean years of famine.

Attracted by the rooster's summons to the banquet, and his evident enjoyment thereof, one or two hens flew up to the top of the shed and proceeded to devour the pills. They cackled and clucked a little after satisfying their appetites, and more hens came. Then more hens cackled. Then there were still more hens and less pills. The increased volume of the cackling indulged in by the hen convention finally attracted Mrs. Jones' attention again, and she went forth to learn the cause. She didn't learn it just then, for the entire cause was concealed within the hens. Not a pill was to be seen. Two or three hens lay on the ground writhing from the effects of blue mass. The boss rooster sat grimly in a fence corner laboring under a dose of podophyllin. Two or three gay young pullets had been so highly benefited that they were fighting out the disputed title to a pill that one of them had swallowed. Other fowls staggered about in a dazed sort of fashion, wondering what was the matter with them.

Two hundred and thirty-seven pills were found in the craw of one of the chickens which was killed for dinner that day. Nobody could explain how they got there till the doctor came home. He examined the shed roof and the pills taken from the slain chicken's craw and said one or two little words. The family dined that day on eggs bought at the grocery store.—*Erie (Pa.) Cor. Philadelphia Times.*

The Lost Rivers of Idaho.

One of the most singular features in the scenery of the Territory of Idaho is the occurrence of dark, rocky chasms, into which creeks and rivers suddenly disappear and are never more seen. The fissures are old lava channels, produced by the outside of the mass cooling and forming a tube, which, when the fiery stream was exhausted, has been left empty, while the roof of the lava duct, having at some point fallen, presents there the opening into which the river plunges and is lost. At one place along the Snake one of these rivers appears gushing from a cleft high up in basaltic walls, where it leaps a cataract into the torrent below. Where this stream has its origin or at what point it is swallowed up is absolutely unknown, although it is believed that its sources are a long way up in the North country.—*Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.*

The magnitude of the slate industry in this country can be imagined when it is stated that the total amount produced of roofing slate alone is 500,000 squares per year. A "square" is about 100 square feet, or sufficient to cover a space 10x10 feet when laid on the roof. It covers the same area as 1,000 shingles.

A FEW HINTS
FOR THE USE OF
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DOSE.—*To move the bowels gently, 2 to 4 Pills; thoroughly, 4 to 6 Pills. Experience will decide the proper dose in each case.*

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For **Colds,** take AYER'S PILLS to open the pores, remove inflammatory secretions, and allay the fever.

For **Diarrhœa and Dysentery,** caused by sudden colds, indigestible food, etc., AYER'S PILLS are the true remedy.

Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, and Sciatica, often result from digestive derangement, or colds, and disappear on removing the cause by the use of AYER'S PILLS.

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Bilious symptoms invariably arise from indigestion, such as furred tongue, vomiting of bile, giddiness, sick headache, irregular bowels. The liver secretes the bile and acts like a filter or sieve, to cleanse impurities of the blood. By irregularity in its action or suspensions of its functions, the bile is liable to overflow into the blood, causing jaundice, sallow complexion, yellow eyes, bilious diarrhœa, a languid, weary feeling and many other distressing symptoms. Biliousness may be properly termed an affection of the liver, and can be thoroughly cured by the grand regulator of the liver and biliary organs, BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Act upon the stomach, bowels and liver, making healthy bile and pure blood, and opens the culverts and sluiceways for the outlet of disease. Sold everywhere and guaranteed to cure.

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Other Fruit Trees and Small Fruit in great variety. We are introducing the new red raspberry, Rancocas, recommended as the best early variety. Also the Niagara white grape. Send for catalogue. We invite all to call and see our stock before purchasing. Prices moderate
WM. H. MOON,
Glenwood Nurseries, Morrisville, Penn.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

THE undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of the County of Bucks, to distribute the balance remaining in the hands of Pierson Mitchell, administrator of the estate of Martha Randall, deceased, to and among the parties legally entitled thereto, hereby gives notice that he will meet the parties interested, at the office of Pierson Mitchell, in the Borough of Langhorne, on Friday the 24th day of April, 1885, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, to attend to the duties of his appointment, when and where they may attend if they see proper.
A. WEIR GILKESON,
Auditor.

ESTATE NOTICE.

ESTATE of ABRAHAM SWAIN, deceased, of the Township of Bristol.
Letters of administration, de bonis non cum mento annexo, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to
JOHN BURTON,
ELWOOD BURTON,
Administrators d. b. n. c. t. a., Tullytown, Pa.
Or B. F. Gilkeson,
their Attorney.

ESTATE NOTICE.

ESTATE of MARGARET SWAIN, deceased, late of Bristol Borough.
Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to
ELWOOD BURTON, Executor,
Or B. F. Gilkeson, Tullytown, Pa.
his Attorney.

ESTATE NOTICE.

ESTATE of ELIZABETH P. HULME, deceased, late of Bristol Borough.
Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to WM. TABRAM,
Or R. F. Gilkeson, Executor.
his Attorney.

NOTICE.

A meeting of the shareholders of the Bristol Improvement Company will be held in the office of the Company, at the Livingston Mills, Bristol, Pa., on Monday, May 18th, at 3½ o'clock, for the purpose of holding an election upon the question of an increase of the authorized capital of the Company.
By order of the Board of Directors.
CHARLES E. SCHEIDE, Secretary.

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Storekeepers, protect your stock against fire with HARDEN'S HAND GRENADE FIRE EXTINGUISHERS, and in case of fire, have no damage by water and smoke WRIGHT & KRAFT, Sole Agents, Bristol, Pa.

[*From the Indianapolis Times*]

AN INTERESTING LETTER
From Mr. Harry W. Olmstead, Proof-reader of "The Times."

The following letter is encouraging and worthy of careful perusal, coming, as it does, from so reliable a source, unsolicited. It contains facts of great value.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 12, 1884.
DR. DAVID KENNEDY, Rondout, N. Y.

DEAR SIR.—For ten years I have been a sufferer from disease of the kidneys, at times so much so as to make life a burden. During this time several of the best physicians in Indiana have treated me with little or no success, until I had almost despaired of relief. I then tried several advertised remedies, but nothing produced the desired result until a friend who had been relieved induced me to give DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY a trial. I did so. After taking one bottle I began to experience relief. I took another and was charmed with the result. In all, I have taken four bottles, and can truly say I feel like a new man. I am confident I am entirely cured, as it has been several months since I took the last medicine, and there is no indication of a return of the disease. I have recommended your remedy to several suffering friends who have also been relieved. I write this to return my sincere thanks to you for the cure which has been effected in my case, and also desire to say I think suffering humanity owes you a debt of gratitude for your wonderful scientific discovery. I shall do all that in me lies to let all sufferers know where they may find relief, and thereby in some measure remunerate you for the good you have done me. Wishing you long life and prosperity, and thanking you for prolonging my life, I am,
HARRY W. OLMSTEAD.

Dr. Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., assures the public, by a reputation which he cannot afford to forfeit or imperil, that the "Favorite Remedy" does invigorate the blood, cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder complaints, as well as those diseases and weaknesses peculiar to females. Your druggist has it; if not, send One Dollar to Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

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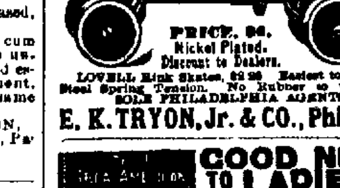
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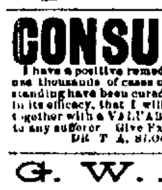
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